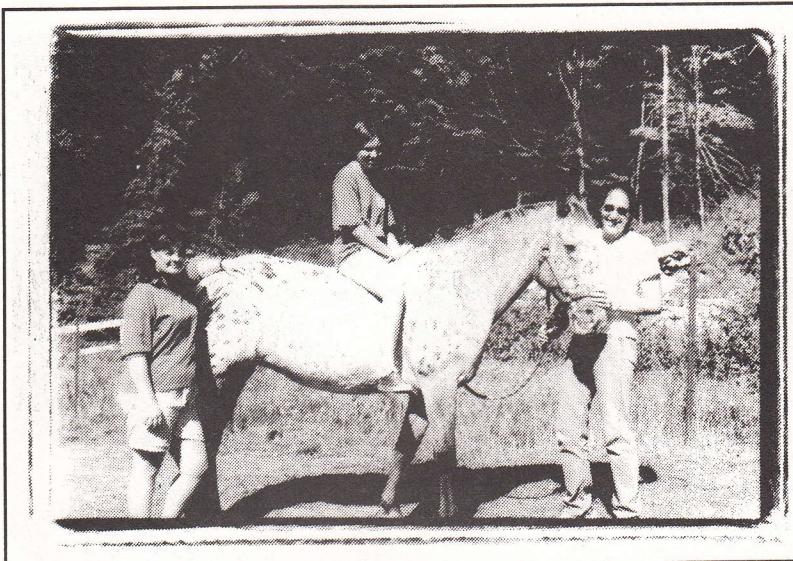


# of camp life

## Stables



There were many familiar faces at the stables this year. These included the returning staff Marion, Olga, Alana, Mackie (15.2 hh, spotty, four legs), and Pete (15 hh, silver haired, four legs). The new staff were Anthony (also known as 'Puppy Horse'), Harley (also known as 'the brown stuff') and She (Who? She! What, her? No, She!)

Several campers and CIT's from 1997 continued to ride this year,

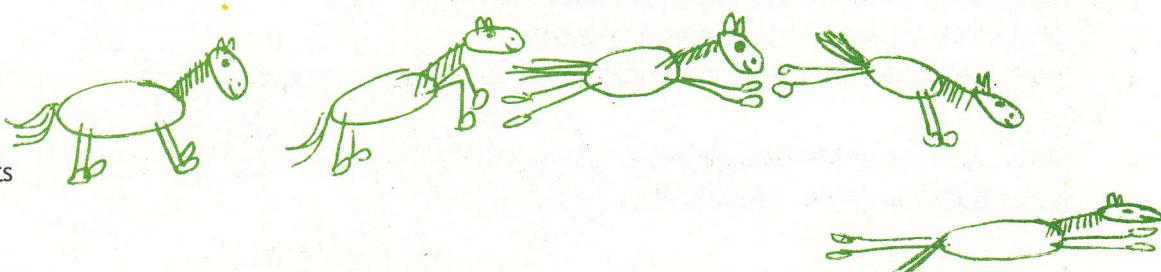
such as Jamie Weiner, Spencer Merolla, Stephanie Smith, Amanda Thurm and Rachel Berman. New campers riding included Lucia Davis, Amelia Miller, Juliea Cundy, Steven Bagley, Rebecca Schoer, Roger Crone and Adam Katz-all of whom started as complete beginners but had mastered trotting by the time they left. Sheila Healy, Roxanne Yaghouri and Laura Binzner worked to improve their existing riding skills. Our most loyal supporter was Sara Kreisel, who took every opportunity to ride and helped us with grooming.

The horses made many visits to main camp this year. These included lunchtime visits so that campers could groom them, snack rides where campers rode down to fetch yummy cookies, pony rides in the evening, and horse drawing (that's campers drawing horses, not horses doing drawings!). All the best for the coming year from all two- and four-legged staff at the stables.

Marion Britton

Olga Valtina

Alana Clements



# ins & outs

## TENNIS

### THE ART OF TENNIS AT BUCK'S ROCK

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A MAN NAMED ADAM BRACHER,  
WHO MODELED HIMSELF AFTER MARGARET THATCHER.  
HIS SIDEKICK WAS NAMED "SCOTT THE DOT,"  
THE CIT WHO LIKED TENNIS A LOT.

ADAM WAS A TALL, ELEGANT MAN.  
HOWEVER, HE LOOKED AWFULLY CLUMSY WHEN HE RAN.  
BUT SCOTTIE WAS NO SPEED DEMON HIMSELF.  
WHEN HE RAN, HE RESEMBLED A DECAPITATED ELF.

THEY WOULD PLAY TENNIS FROM MORNING TO NOON.  
THEIR STROKES AND MOVEMENT MADE THE WOMEN SWOON.  
BUT THE STAFF COULD ONLY PLAY ON SATURDAY NIGHTS  
WHERE ADAM WOODED THE LADIES UNDER THE LIGHTS.

IN THE MORNINGS THE REGULARS WOULD ALWAYS COME.  
HANA, GABBY, JULIA, AND JON ALL HAD FUN.  
BUT ADAM WOULD BE SLUGGISH AFTER A LONG NIGHT AT DAN'S.  
YET SCOTT WOULD BE THERE TO PICK UP THE PLANS.

THEY TAUGHT BACKHANDS, FOREHANDS, SERVES, AND VOLLEYS.  
BUT STILL THE STUDENTS MADE QUITE A FEW TOLLIES.  
BUT WITH THE HELP OF THEIR MENTORS ADAM AND SCOTT,  
THEY ALL LEARNED TO HIT THE PERFECT SHOT.

AT THE END OF THE SUMMER IT WAS ALL JUST FUN,  
ALTHOUGH THE INSTRUCTORS NEVER LEARNED HOW TO RUN.  
BY TURNING BEGINNERS TO MASTERS OF THE GAME,  
THEY WERE GLAD THEY COULD GIVE BUCK'S ROCK TENNIS SUCH A GOOD NAME.

STAFF: ADAM BRACHER- HEAD OF SHOP  
SCOTT SIMPSON- 2ND IN COMMAND (CIT)



! .



# of camp life

## Archery

*By Sam Budin (with some input from Jason)*

Archery opens at 9:30 AM. Jason McCormick, the archery counselor, opens the cupboard and brings out the bows, arrows, and targets. There are a few regular people who frequent the shop: Greg, Sam, and Josh (who was supposed to write this article... thanks Josh! Thanks a lot!) And yes, I go there, too.

We pick our arrows.

"Fire at will!" yells Jason.

"Why, what did Will ever do to us?" I ask.

We each pull back and fire three arrows. Josh fires six.

"Clear to retrieve," says Jason. We walk to get our arrows. Josh asks if he can shoot two arrows off at once. Josh asks if he can shoot left-handed. Josh asks about why there are so many bugs. We say, "Josh, don't ask so many questions. Just shoot!"

We shoot off a few more rounds, and Jason moves the target back sometimes.

Disclaimer: No one living in, or around, the Hilton was harmed in any way during the above mentioned archery sessions. The events documented are purely fictitious, and any resemblance to persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental, except for Josh. His character is based on a real person, a hobo, living somewhere in Ohio.

Staff:  
Jason McCormick



# ins & outs

## 'Fencing'

### The Cat In The Hat Learns To Fence

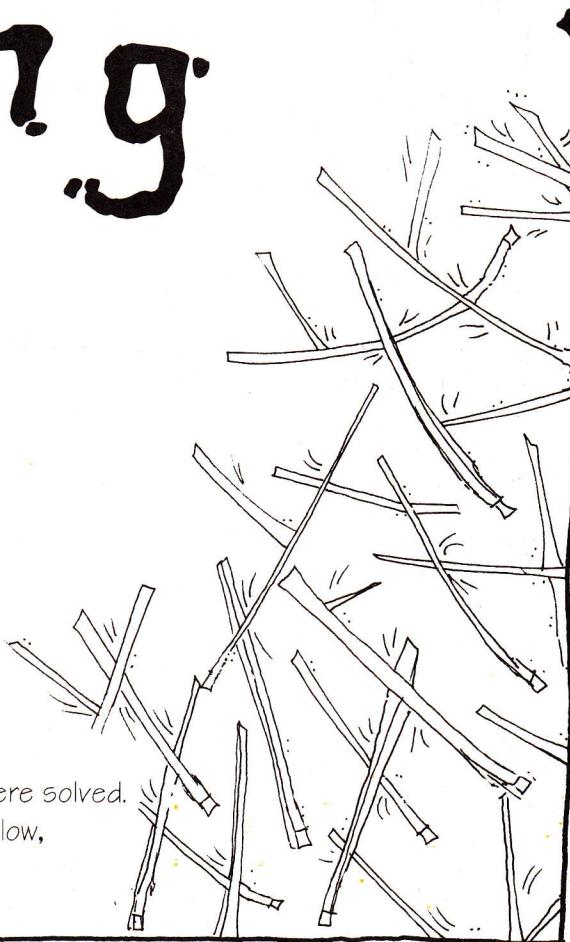
If you have anger you need to vent,  
Come and fence in the big tent.  
Fencing will make your heartbeat start racin',  
So come down and meet the instructor named Jason.  
At the beginning of the summer Jason was bored,  
So he decided to teach kids to fight with a sword.  
One by one the campers started to arrive,  
Then the tent began to jump and jive.  
The clanking of blades soon could be heard,  
By the tennis staff, the clowns, and many a bird.  
But the children got tired of fencing on the grass,  
"I'll fix it!" Jason said and ran off in a dash.  
And in a few days all their worries dissolved,  
With the arrival of a new platform all their problems were solved.  
But by the midpoint of the summer, the morales were low,  
So Jason took the fencers to see Mask Of Zorro.  
After the flick, everything was great,  
As was the rest of summer '98.  
Yes, come to fencing, where we have lots of fun,  
And now this silly rhyme is done.

Jenny Kovacs

Have a blast with the Fencing  
staff:

Jason Riffaterre

Pic (C.I.T.)



# of camp life

## Karate



### What is Karate?

Common knowledge tells you that it is a Japanese form of martial arts, that spread through the continents of the world like wild fire.

Public knowledge tells you that it is a fun, demanding and rewarding form of self defense, that matures

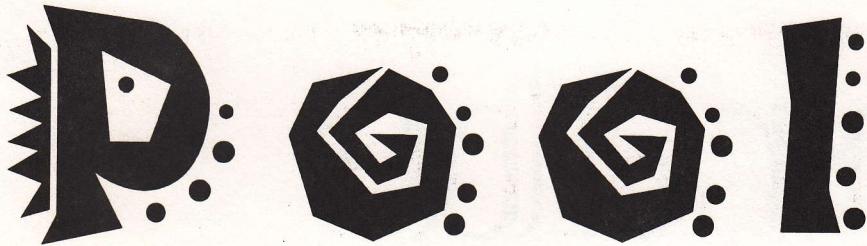
the practitioner both mentally and physically, enabling them to grow stronger and fitter, whilst instilling a sense of confidence and respect within others.

Not forgetting the bonus of being able to show your skills to all your friends, and we all know how impressive and fulfilling that can be.

Buck's Rock Karate is based upon teaching the basic kicks, blocks and punches and developing them into attacks and counters designed to simulate a real life fight. This encourages the participant to use their own initiative, read a situation and act upon it in the correct way (by winning the duel).

This approach proves very successful, as you are able to give the participants the freedom to discover how not to do something before showing them the correct way and in the mean time keeping them interested.

# ins & outs



## Life at the Pool

By Penny, Sophie, and Angela

As early morning breaks, a weary lifeguard stumbles out of bed, only to be faced with the 'let's go' look of Lena, ready for her early morning swim. As time passes, voices are heard in the distance. These are of Ben and Colin, dying to see if the pool is open. Naturally, yes.

Around one o'clock our pool boys from first session arrive. They become our entertainment for the afternoon. New toys donated. BANG BANG BANG! A lifeguard's dream come true.

5:30 DINNER time.

7:00 Another pool party beckons on our doorstep. High pitched female voices erupt.

8:30 PEACE AT LAST!

Sophie Crofts

Angela Goodson

PENNY VAN Gelderen

# of camp life

## Aerobics



After popular demand Hi/Lo Aerobics were eventually started every Friday towards the end of the first session. It was a chance to burn off that second piece of chocolate cake that everyone denied having. After three weeks everyone wanted more so another class was arranged on Monday evenings. The classes became a great stress reliever from the kids, the shops and other counselors! The class was kept enthusiastic by the regular appearance of Mike "Mr Co-ordination" Hingley. The class had it all—from grapevines to jumping jacks—creating a lot of happy, sweaty, fitter people.

# ins & outs

## Pioneering

Benjamin Boas

**"We need the tonic of wilderness... We can never have enough of nature."**

**Henry David Thoreau**

"This story is true, it happened to me. And though I'm a scientist I can not explain it," starts one of Stan Schleifer's ghost stories. Stan, who has been working at Bucks Rock for eight years, is the head of Pioneering, one of the few activities at Buck's Rock that happens regularly, yet off-campus. Many campers believe that a Summer is not complete without a trip to Tory's Cave or Kent Falls.

Due to other commitments, Stan could not lead trips during the first session other than spelunking (every Saturday). Luckily, a fellow pioneer, Andrea Cochrane of the Animal Farm, organized and led overnights to Macedonia (the State Park, not the home country of Alexander the Great), among other outings. She was occasionally assisted by Kwesi Joseph.

Why do campers keep coming back to Pioneering? The answer is simple. Whether it's climbing down a slippery incline, the satisfaction of completing a long hike, listening to the sounds of the forest while in a sleeping bag, or just looking at a tree in the middle of a forest, nature brings out things in people that would not show otherwise. It brings people together, and creates memories that are not soon forgotten. To put it concisely, Pioneering is about finding nature and one's self in the process.

**"Nature is beautiful."**

**Stan Schleifer**

### Staff

**Stan Schleifer  
Kwesi Joseph  
Andrea Cochrane**

### Regulars

**Jordan Arsh  
Andrew Dansker  
"G" Formica  
George Keveson  
Greg Smith**



# of camp life

## Softball

### Watermelon League

by Chris Shipman

When you think of Buck's Rock athletics, you think of the Watermelon League. Actually, I bet *you* don't, but *I* do and I'm writing the article, so I'm gonna make you think about softball. The theory is that skill doesn't matter, but the six teams are chosen by the captains through a draft; go figure. But seriously, skill doesn't matter, whether or not you win doesn't matter (to most people); it's the amount of emotion and energy you put into the game that counts (other than who won, how many hits you got, how many errors you made, and all those other things that are *really* important). Marc Richter is the director of the league. In fact, he personally asked me to write this "editorial." What an honor, don't you think? Marc puts all of his energy (what little remains after he yells at the kids in the bunk next to me to be quiet after lights out) into organizing the games and setting the schedule so coaches don't have games on their days off. It's hard to please everyone—just ask him. Marc's arch-nemesis (and compadre) is Barry Tropp, the man who owns the Watermelon League. Marc may direct it, but Barry owns it (even though Barry doesn't know the combination to the locker behind the backstop). Barry is my coach, along with fellow theatrical director Ernie Johns, who is directing *Tartuffe* this session (you're doing a great job, Erno). Barry and Ernie coach the team "Torville and Dean." As you may have guessed, the teams are named after figure skaters. The match of the year was "Tonya Harding vs. Nancy Kerrigan." Even though everybody can't win, there are no hard feelings, but there are hard falls, hard slides, and hard collisions.

# ins & outs

## Frisbee/Soccer

by Chris Shipman

Soccer, soccer, soccer. I don't know why it is called soccer (actually, I do); it should be called football. After all, most of the people at Buck's Rock who play soccer are British, anyway. Games are organized on Sunday and Tuesday evenings (or any other day, for that matter) at about eight o'clock. Although there is a designated soccer field, the game is usually played on or near the softball field. There is a "World Cup" match that will be played on Tuesday, August 11: Great Britain vs. The Western World. Everyone (who is interested) is looking forward to this once a year event.

### Ultimate Frisbee

by an Innocent Bystander

I was lying — er, *standing* in the soccer field, quietly minding my own business (I swear), when all of a sudden I was interrupted by a horde of shrieking, stumbling, disoriented people shouting things like "See Red Shirt Guy!", "Get open!", and "You're such a hoecake!" I was frightened, yet strangely intrigued. I hid behind a bush to watch.

It was horrifying, yet I couldn't look away. The people seemed to be divided into two teams, but players shifted from one team to another, accompanied by cries of "Hey, you can't have both Aaron and Chris!" and "Wait a minute, now we're two short!" The theoretical object of the game seemed to be to get a strange disc of plastic from one end of the field to the other by passing and catching it. (The actual object of the game seemed to be to run around, scream a lot, and wear as little as possible.) Whenever the disc hit the ground, someone from the team that did not throw it picked it up. For some reason, anyone holding the disc was rooted to the spot, and had to pass it on to someone else before they could move. Shockingly, many of the players were half-naked.

I decided that what I was observing was some diabolical ritual, and that my safest bet would be to creep away quickly and quietly, which I was preparing to do when I heard someone say "Hey, who's that hiding in the bushes?" I tried to run, but they just shouted, "Go long!" and the disc of plastic came flying at me at ludicrous speed. Instinctively, I threw my hands up to protect my face. When I brought them down, I was holding the disc. One half-naked girl yelled "I LOVE you!", and cheers erupted. I was trapped, and resigned myself to my fate. The last thing I heard before the mysterious forces took me over was, "Hey, if you get the new one, that means we get Aaron." I stripped off my shirt.

The Perpetrators: \* "Air" Aaron McCullough \* Owen "Oompa-Loompas in the Head" Poindexter \* Adam "Throwing Clinic" Stofsky \* Becca "Slapworthy" Price \* Big Chris \* Nick "Spiffmaster" Wiest \* Sadie the Red Hoecake \* Cade "The Mouth" Goldenberg \* Those Short Fast Kids Everyone Forgets to Guard: Collin, Jarrett and Scott \* Olga "I'm not good at this" Valtina \* Red Shirt Guy \* Bob \* Larry \* Whyle "I'll play tonight, I swear" Mauriello \* Kate "Shirts are for losers" Schapira \* and last but not least, the GEE-MAN, without whom Buck's Rock would not be Buck's Rock.

# of camp life

## Kitchen

### A Day in the Life

Running time: Twelve hours per day

**Scene One:** 7:15 am: Head steward arrives with "magnetic" girlfriend looking blurry eyed and bedazzled from previous nights of "stewarding."

7:18: Steward removes himself from girlfriend.

7:20: Chef instructs staff to start the preparation of salads (an order which is repeated a dozen times over the next two hours). Ernest disappears into the storeroom in search of butter.

10 am: Potwashers are debating the pros and cons of religion and the wearing of "dirty t-shirts in the workplace." The smell of it hangs on the morning air.

*End of Scene*

**Scene Two:** 11 am: Lunch rolls around and the chefs brace themselves for the usual barrage of outrageous and pointless questions from the customers. For example: What's in the apple turnover? Are these chocolate bagels? Are the tomatoes edible?

11:30 am: Chefs start to boil pasta for dinner. Ernest reappears from the storeroom, butterless, and passes looks, as well as utensils. While this is in progress, the dining room staff are ablaze with the rumor and gossip of the previous night's "Roman Party."

*End of Scene*

**Scene Three:** 5 pm: Staff return and stand about awaiting orders. Chef instructs and staff remain dormant. Ronnie and Charlotte turn purple with anger. Ernest heads for storeroom in search of butter. Chefs stare at each other wondering why they have worked here for so long!

5:30 pm: "Parky" lifts a box of lettuce and pulls a muscle and retires to the storeroom for a snooze only to be disturbed by Ernest looking for butter!

7 pm: Dinner grinds to a halt, along with everyone's patience. Chef stares at the clock.

7:05 pm: Musician "type" appears expecting food. Musician reprimanded and dismissed.

*Final Curtain. Snack for an Encore*

*Extract from the ongoing Gittins and Schneider production: A Day in the Life*

*Dedicated to those who fought and fed over the last two months. Thank you, everyone.*

# ins & outs

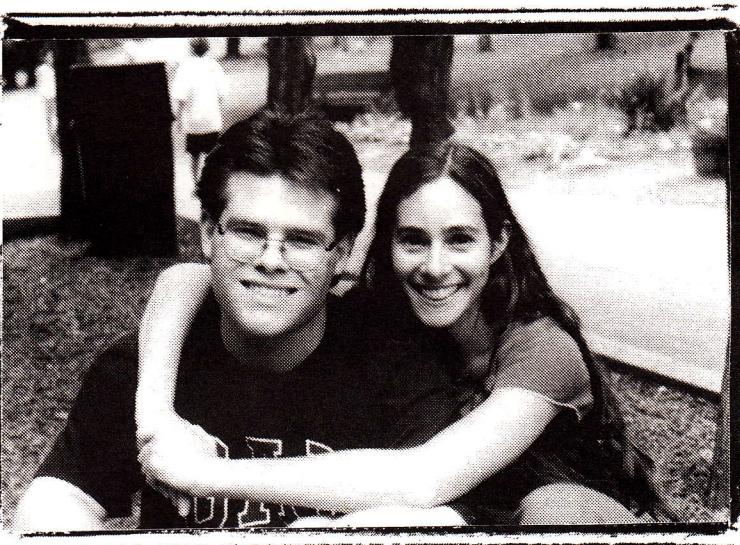
## Nighttime

Who worked in the kitchen last summer looks like she is 16, and is now doing nighttime activities? Sara Jacobs. Who has been going to Buck's Rock since 1992, was the only JC ever to work in the office and usually makes an announcement over the PA which is way too loud and which no one can understand because he is from Long Island? Josh Leitner. There you have it...your 1998 nighttime activities duo. Let's not forget Rob Kuropatwa (and Sonya Kuropatwa for giving him up to help out) for all of the time and help that he has given Sara and Josh. We love you Rob and Sonya! The summer of 1998 was filled with a lot of fun nighttime activities that were sure to keep everyone busy!

Every night at 7:30 Buck's Rock has their early nighttime activity. This year they held the Buck's Rock Bowl. Since everyone fought over who won the games and what the answers were to the questions, Josh and Sara canceled Buck's Rock Bowl. However, the feedback they got from the campers caused them to bring it back once again. Every Wednesday night was Speak Out on the lawn, which K.C. ran. Speak Out was always about controversial topics. In addition to all of that, we had shop early evening activities. Each shop created an activity that dealt with their shop.

At about 8:15, the main nighttime activity started. One of the biggest nighttime activities this summer was the Carnival. The Carnival of '98 was the best Carnival that has ever hit Buck's Rock Camp. Some of the booths included a giant blowup velcro obstacle course, celebrity shower, cotton candy, dart the balloons, face painting, caricature drawing, popcorn, pretzels, and so much more! This summer we had two carnivals. Other activities also included dances, movies on the lawn, no talent night, staff on stage, camper music recitals, clown shows, poetry slam, visiting artists, theatre productions, coffeehouses, and so much more!

Sara and Josh really enjoyed bringing these activities to you and would like to thank everyone who helped us out this summer. You have made a difference in the lives of many!

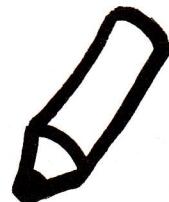


# of camp life

## Office

AN ARTICLE FOR THE YEARBOOK - A SIMPLE QUESTION WE WERE ASKED,  
THINK QUICKLY, TOO MUCH TIME HAS ALREADY PASSED.  
BUT WITH SO MANY PEOPLE WHO ARE COMING AND GOING,  
IT'S HARD FOR ANY OF US TO THINK OF WORDS OR A DECENT POEM.

AND WHO WILL BE THE CHOSEN WRITER TO BOTHER  
WAS THE FIRST QUESTION WE ASKED TO ONE ANOTHER.  
OUR BRAINS ARE TOO FULL TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH,  
READ THE FOLLOWING FOR A LITTLE PROOF:



WE'RE STAPLES HERE TO PROVIDE YOUR STATIONERY,  
BUCK'S ROCK BANK AND SLOANE'S PHARMACY.  
YOUR PHOTOCOPY PRINTERS AND NEWSPAPER STAND,  
CAMPER'S OBSTACLE COURSE AND PLAYGROUND.



LOST PROPERTY, A JUNK YARD - ANYTHING YOU WANT TO LEAVE,  
YOU WANT A SHOP TRIP - TRAVEL AGENTS ARE WE.  
A PHONE CARD TO BUY AND A FAX TO BE SENT,  
AND OF COURSE YOUR PERSONAL ACCOUNTANT.  
US POSTAL SERVICE AND LOCAL BLOCKBUSTERS,  
TO THE CAMPERS' PARENTS, WE ARE THE COUNSELORS.  
WE'RE PSYCHICS - ANYBODY YOU NEED TO FIND  
WE CAN LOCATE THEM WITHIN OUR MINDS.



ALL OF THE ABOVE IS SERVED WITH A SMILE,  
EVEN THOUGH WE FEEL THAT WE HAVE RUN MILES.  
AS MISERABLE, PLEASE, DO NOT HAVE US CLASSED.  
GRAB ME A COFFEE, MY SENSE OF HUMOR IS FADING FAST!



# ins & outs

## CANTEEN

On July 10, 1998, a thirteen year old boy whose identity can not be revealed robbed a shop at gun point. The shop was at Buck's Rock Camp, located in New Milford, CT. According to the officials and camp directors, Mickey and Laura Morris, the thirteen year old boy went up to the staff window of the shop and demanded everything in the store. The clerk who was working the window at the time, Andrew Dansker, gave the boy everything he wanted. However, what the boy did not realize is that the shop head, Josh Leitner, was recording everything the boy was saying. The following is an excerpt of this recording.

"I want Poland Spring Water, Coke, Diet Coke, Sprite, Diet Sprite, Root Beer, Cream Soda,

Apple Juice, Orange Juice, Powerade, Combos, Airheads, York Peppermint Patties, M & M's, Poptarts, Chocolate Rice Crispie Treats, Plain Rice Crispie Treats, Granola Bars, Kudos, Starbursts, Cookies 'n' Cream Hershey Bars, Hershey Bars, Fun Dip [okay, so we only had it for about one week], Chupa Chups, Ring Pops, Pringles, Doritos, Lay's, pretzels, Tic Tacs, Fruit Roll Ups, Nutri-Grain Bars, Ben

& Jerry's Health Bar Crunch, Cookie Dough, Phish Stix, Vanilla Peace Pops, Watermelon, Lemon, Cherry, Blue Raspberry, and Orange Italian Ice, Sno-Cones, Cookie Sandwiches, Drumsticks, Strawberry, Coconut, and Lime Froze Fruit, plain white t-shirts, Buck's Rock t-shirts, Buck's Rock posters, film, cameras, toothpaste, toothbrushes, bug spray, sun tan lotion, batteries, deodorant, soap, cassette tapes, and guitar strings—NOW!"

Fortunately no one was hurt during this incident. The estimated amount of money that was lost was about \$1,500. In an interview with shop head, Josh Leitner, he stated, "this is a very unfortunate thing that happened to us, but I guess COSTCO will just see us a little sooner than they expected."



PHOTO COURTESY OF BUCK'S ROCK CAMP

# of camp life

## New Milford 8

Benjamin W Boas

Sometime in February 1998 I was looking at a small piece of paper, the spring athletic selection form for my school. Among other thoughts running through my head was that of the upcoming summer. I remembered that there was an eight mile road race near the middle of the summer which might be fun to try, so I checked the "Track Team" box. Little did I know the hell I was in for...

My coach has a saying "The team is a body, and a body has room for only one asshole, and that's me." My coach is no hypocrite. I went through ten grueling weeks of training. Each session consisted of a ten minute warm up, stretching, a three to six mile *run*, and then one of various running exercises. I was afflicted with shin splints in the first two weeks due to overwork. After two long weeks of taping, icing, and sitting in a 40° whirlpool, I was out of the training room, but the longest I was allowed to run in a meet was the 200m sprint (roughly an eighth of a mile).

Sooner than I had expected, the track season ended, school finished, and I was off to camp. Every other day I checked the office in hopes that I could sign up for the New Milford 8, and every other day I received the answer "Come back later." Finally, I was able to fill out the registration form and after two days of trying to coordinate with the office, my parents, and the camp's (sorry to say) fairly ineffective message system I was able to fax the form to my parents to be signed and returned. I was finally in the eight mile race which I had been looking forward to for so long.



# ins & outs

Before my track experience, I couldn't run a half-mile without gasping for air, now I was able to run six, but that still wasn't enough. The only training I got in between the end of my track season and the New Milford 8 (about a two month period) was one fairly fast run around the *Loop*. Near the end of the Loop is a long series of hills, I took the first one easily, the next few took some effort, and those after that I had to literally force myself up. At the second to last hill I ran out of breath and had to start walking.



The fact that I failed in completing the loop wouldn't have bothered me that much except that whenever I asked someone about the New Milford 8 course they would answer with some description along the lines of 'hill hell.' So when I was in the van to the race with only a peanut butter sandwich and a few glasses of lemonade in me (not exactly a runner's breakfast) I wasn't feeling especially confident. After the van arrived, I made my way to the registration desk and was assigned number 160. I also received a package containing a T-shirt and, among other things, a candy bar and coupons for a free burger and fries. After a short warm up and some hurried stretching I joined the rest of the runners at the starting line, actually a moderate distance behind the starting line as there were so many runners there (over 400).

I don't really remember what came next, people started moving in front of me so I began to run. I passed numerous runners, and when I passed the first water station I followed my dad's "two cup strategy," drinking one cup of water and throwing the other one over your head. After a few more minutes I hit the one mile mark. "Six-thirty eight," reported the teenage boy with the stopwatch standing by the road, and I realized that I had made a very large error. As most people reading this probably know, in

long distance races it is a good idea, if not a necessity to keep a constant pace throughout the entire race. I didn't know about the other runners, but I was not one who could keep up nine miles per hour for eight miles.

When I run for long periods of time, I begin to get strange ideas in my head. After I passed the one mile mark I decided that perhaps I could run two miles and then walk one mile to get my energy back. The plan worked until the second water station when my legs felt like blocks of lead. I walked to the two mile mark and tried to start running again, but my legs would not comply. I kept trudging along, soaked, aching, and gasping for breath, never stopping, but with no willpower to start running again. Then an amazingly nice girl, whose name I later learned to be Kyle Gundel, almost out of breath and panting a bit, passed me, turned around and said something to me. I think I was a little delirious at the time, I don't remember exactly what she said ("Great job?" "Keep going?" "You can do it?") but it gave me the energy to start moving again.

I made it all the way to the 3.5 mile water station when I ran out of steam again. Thoughts of "Let's get moving, Ben," and "Is this what you spent ten weeks on the track team for? Walking?" were attacking my head as I plodded along. I became fed up with the idea of running at intervals and I felt that I should just try to keep a constant pace. The only problem is that I don't have the experience or willpower to keep a constant pace for four miles. Then, through some miracle, the girl who had encouraged me before passed

# of camp life

The running after that was a blur (not in that it was fast, but in that it was hard to remember) lots of New Milfordians were watching the race, some were even aiming their sprinklers at the course. I had been running longer than I had ever run before, but I didn't feel tired.

Soon I reached Buck Rock Road where at least twenty people were handing out water. (Thanks, guys!) I couldn't help but smile as I listened to the cheers of "Ben! Ben! Ben!" Sometime after, Mr. Gundel had to slow down, Kyle and I kept running. Sadly enough, after about three quarters of a mile more, Kyle had to slow down a bit. Then I reached the very aptly named Cardiac Hill.

Most of the people reading this (those of you who haven't stopped due to chronic boredom) have not seen Cardiac Hill. Think of it this way: there is a steep hill next to the Ceramics Shop, Cardiac Hill is like that hill, but about twenty times as long and seemingly never-ending. I decided to do a slow jog up it. After about four minutes of jogging I figured "I can walk faster than this," so I simply walked the rest. I even passed a few other people while I was walking. About halfway up the hill I heard Kyle's father join her a short distance behind me. I figure interval running may work, but not for me.

The hill's slope became more and more gentle until I finally reached the seven mile mark and the top! I decided to sprint the rest of the way down. About 100 feet from the finish line I felt a slight pain in my shoulder but I finished anyway. I glanced up at the board and saw 1:15:49, about twenty-five minutes faster than I had expected to run the race. I stretched out, got some water, slapped hands with Kyle who finished about three minutes later, and went to the medical tent to check my shoulder, which by now prevented me from moving my left arm (apparently I spasmed it). After that I limped back to the van, which took me home.

Two days later the only non-mental reminders of my eight mile race were my T-shirt I got and the pain in my shoulder. I hobbled to the dining hall and was about to dig into breakfast when I was interrupted by "Ben Boas to the office." I had no idea what I had done now, had they finally caught me while I was...? Anyway, I was completely bewildered as to what I had been called up for. The lady at the desk just said "Congratulations" and handed me a maroon sweatshirt which had a tag on it that said "fourteen and under - SECOND PLACE." I couldn't believe it, I had run the New Milford 8 and only one person under fifteen crossed the finish line before me. I felt so proud that I wanted to smile and never stop.

-Thanks Dad, Coach B, The Buck's Rockers I ran with, The Buck's Rockers who handed out water, all the New Milfordians who handed out water, and Kyle and her dad.

*Jamie Davidson*

This year, the runners of the New Milford 8 couldn't have asked for better weather. Although waking up freezing wasn't too inspiring, the weather had warmed up by 9:30, the start of the race. Never before have I seen so many people ready to run 8 miles! (Almost) the entire race is uphill, including "Cardiac Hill," towards the end of the race. This year there were eighteen Buck's Rockers running (and walking) the race.

Seeing as I had been sick for a week, my legs were moving fine, but my stomach couldn't handle the running after the first mile. So, I basically saw just about everyone in the entire race pass me by at the one mile mark. I slowed down to an extremely slow pace, and ended up spending almost two hours making conversation with the NM8. I didn't mind it though, because towards the back was passing out. Seeing that I was the

# ins & outs

back, she had the time to tell me a few things about the race. She said that last year, they ran it backwards, and she also told me a little about training for it (everyone who works for the EMS has to bike it — in her case, really slowly in order to stay behind with me.) She also told me that New Milford is ninety-something square miles, making it the biggest town in Connecticut.

All in all, the race was a success, as usual, and everyone walked away with a t-shirt, tissues, prunes, a powerbar, and other wonderful goodies!

The finishers from Buck's Rock are:

139	Lisa Bellavia	57:43
153	Aaron McCullough	59:00
192	Ian Jackson	1:01:48
213	Christopher Thomson	1:02:55
227	Ian Gittins	1:03:46
228	Bob Needham	1:03:47
275	Darren Loxton	1:07:27
276	Scott McInnes	1:07:28
328	Katherine Mack	1:10:59
364	Ben Boas	1:15:50
385	Leah Moskowitz	1:18:53
387	Don Masse	1:18:54
388	Frank Hohenstein	1:18:54
432	Dan Bobkoff	1:33:17
433	Eric Wellman	1:33:19
434	Emma Ruddock	1:33:50
437	Andrea Cochrane	1:43:00
439	Jamie Davidson	1:46:00



# Some Thoughts on Watching Buck's Rock's Performance of Shakespeare's Play

by Ernst Bulova

The Tempest, Shakespeare's last great play, his last good-bye, does not end in death. "For never was a story of more woe, than this of Juliet and her Romeo." Not in The Tempest. Neither: "Good night, sweet prince and flights of angels sing thee to thy rest." But there is lasting peace between the rivals for power, as is bound to reign for the Montagues and the Capulets. "O brother Montague, give me your hand." And in this Tempest there is no need for a Fortinbras of Norway to take up the reins—albeit temporarily—that have fallen from the hands of the Danish court at Elsinore. Nor does Mercutio's soliloquy apply: "True, I talk of dreams, which are the children of an idle brain, begot of nothing but vain fantasy, which is as thin of substance as the air." No need for Romeo to speak: "Peace, peace, Mercutio! Thou talk'st of nothing." There is Prospero, who resigned as the Duke of Milan at the instigation of his treacherous brother Antonio and handed the dukedom over to him "neglecting worldly ends" in favor of "bettering his mind." However, he "awakened an evil nature" who set him adrift in a boat, a "rotten carcass, not rigg'd, nor tackle, sail, no mast; the very rats instinctively have quit it." He and his daughter Miranda, then three years old, were to perish in the "roaring sea." But noble Gonzalo "appointed master of this design, gave them rich garments and out of his charity, linens, stuff and necessaries and, knowing Prospero loved his books, furnished him out of his, Prospero's, library, the volumes that he prized above his dukedom." And thus they landed on an enchanted island, inhabited by gentle spirits under the leadership of Ariel, but by evil monsters too, Caliban and his horrible mother Sycorax. What is to become of Prospero and his daughter Miranda on an island where "all torments, troubles, wonders, and amazement inhabit here"? But Prospero is poet and magician. He, unlike Mercutio, a friend to Romeo, knows that we are of "such stuff as dreams are made on. And our little life is rounded with a sleep and does not leave a rock behind." He, by his magical powers, takes command of the spirits under Ariel and tames the evil one's foremost the monster Caliban whom he makes his slave. Both do his bidding. There is the proud ship with Antonio, Alonso and their counts aboard. He directs Ariel to wreck the ship on the shores of the island with the proviso that nobody be hurt nor their garments be damaged. The boat is stranded but everybody is safe, only Ferdinand, Alonso's son, is temporarily lost and erroneously feared drowned. But Prospero does not want revenge but does mean to "chase the ignorant fumes that mantle clear reason." He lives here and now, being aware that "yonder, all before us lie deserts of vast eternity" and that "the grave's a fine and private place, but none, I think, do there embrace." For him the past is past, though Mnemosyne, one of Zeus' nine daughters does not let you forget that what is past and passing and to come is preserved in memory and hope. Prospero seems to know the ancient Greek myth of Charon, the ferryman who carries the dead across the River Styx, makes them drink the waters of Lethe that erases the memory of all that was until in the underworld they are turned into unsubstantial shadows of their former selves. Nor would he identify with the Egyptian pharaohs, who enslaved whole populations, including their own subjects, to pile stones upon stones until they became the pyramids that contain their mummified corpses, the walls decorated with hieroglyphs that tell of their conquests and triumphs. Their priests had assured them they would become gods, go on after death, provided they would not be forgotten but live on in the memory of those for whom the pyramids were to be eternal testimony. But even for Prospero, the magician, time will not "turn back and fetch the age of Gold." There never was an age of gold, nor will there ever be. But there are the spirits to command and Prospero "does his spiriting gently" although he firmly directs them to do his bidding. Past is prologue but prologue instantly turns into a past that cannot be retrieved. But there is Ariel, the spirit and leader of spirits, both delicate and strong, mischievous yet jolly and playful, whom Prospero can summon at will as if she were his servant but secretly loves her as part of himself. And "in the dark back ward and abyss of time," Ariel knows that nothing that ever was is really lost but just transformed and so she sings to Prospero:

"Full fathom five thy father lies;  
Of his bones are coral made;  
There are pearls that were his eyes;  
Nothing of him that doth fade,  
But does suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange,  
Sea and nymphs hourly ring his knell."

But there is hope too in the present as personified in the love between Ferdinand, son of Alonso, king of Naples, and Miranda, Prospero's beautiful daughter. It has to be tested since "too light winning, makes the prize light." The couple passes and with Ariel's help are united in worldly bliss. Miranda shyly asks: "Do you love me?" And Ferdinand: "Beyond all limit of what else i' the world, do love, prize, honor you." And Miranda in tears: "I am a fool, to weep of what I am glad of." "My mistress dearest; and I thus humble ever." "My husband then?" "Ay, with a heart as willing. Here's my hand." "And mine with my heart in 't." The spirits, too, join with their blessings:

"Honor, riches, marriage-blessing,  
Long continuance and increasing;  
Hourly joys be still upon you!  
Juno sings her blessings on you."  
"Spring come to you at the farthest  
In the very end of the harvest!  
Scarcity and want shall shun you  
Love's blessing so is on you."

And so life on the enchanted island draws to end. Prospero forgives his former enemies and the evil deeds they had visited on him and Miranda. He bids Ariel to bring them safely to their ship and to provide calm seas and auspicious winds to take them home. He divests himself of the magic robe that as wizard he wore; he breaks his staff that supported him when as a poet he gave life to his visions and buries it fathoms in the earth and deeper yet drowns his book. As for Caliban, who intends to be wise hereafter and turning to Trinculo with his companion Stephano at his side: "What a trice-double ass was I, to take this drunkard for a god, and worship this dull fool." Good intentions. And yet even Mephistopheles, the devil, when asked who he is, is forced to say: "I am part of yonder mood that always wills the bad and, in the end, creates what's good." (Ich bin ein Teil von jener Kraft, die stets der böse will und stets des guten schafft.) And so does Zarathustra's final struggle between the forces of evil and righteousness end with the victory of Ahura Mazda over Ahriman and fulfill the prophesy of peace on Earth. And although Prospero has to abandon his cell and leave his enchanted isle and has to proclaim that all his charms now are overthrown, yet he will return to the world and to Milan as her rightful Duke. Before he does, though, he has to part with Ariel, his beloved spirit, and set her free to the elements and roam the world or "lie in a cowslip's bell, there to couch when owls do cry." Please you, draw near! And so Shakespeare, one of the greatest poets, said farewell to his life and his works. But new Prosperos, poets and magicians all, shall emerge and people the world with their creations by the spirits they evoke, some with music speaking to their souls, some as people of their own. But looking back, we—though not wanting to "further out remembrances with a heaviness that's gone"—might feel with Goethe, the German poet's lookout: "Ihr glücklichen Augen, was je ihr gesehn, es sei wie es wolle, es war doch so schon." "You fortunate eyes, who saw what you will for all that has happened, much was beautiful still."

Postscript: While quoting my free translation, I found much of myself in the performance of the plays put on the stage by the young actors and actresses and their gifted directors at Buck's Rock. At the end of my life, I feel comforted that I had been able to watch them as the next and new guardians of a flame that will keep on blazing, not to be extinguished as long as mankind exists.

# Hiroshima Night

by Ernst Bulova

At Buck's Rock we have very few specific traditions. We create and recreate every summer anew. At the beginning of our summer, we do not know if it is going to be a good one. We hope it will be. In fact, we started with high hopes, with certain plans, with the best of intentions, all in high spirits and in a good mood. Will it work out, will it mean fulfillment? We would not be certain but usually our expectations seemed to be justified. Not everything that we had planned was realized. Sometimes we were surprised. Not everything that we had looked forward to became reality. Sometimes, more often than not, we were gratified, thankful for alternatives, sometimes we were a bit doubtful. However, due to the spirit of the boys and girls who had joined us and due to the expertise, the skills, the talents, the devotion of the staff who had chosen to work at Buck's Rock, things turned out well. No particular traditions seemed to be necessary. With a few exceptions. And one of the most significant ones was Hiroshima Night. We were so horrified by what had happened on August 6th, 1945, that we decided that we should always remember the date: never to forget what one country can do to another country. There were events that proceeded Hiroshima—Coventry, Liverpool, Rotterdam—and some horrible ones that followed: the firestorm that destroyed Dresden and killed most of its inhabitants. But we and many other young people, all over the world, chose to remember Hiroshima as the symbol of what humanity can inflict on itself. We remembered with a vow to work for a world where such horrors should never happen again, together with expressing our determination to see to it that all wars should be abandoned as a means to solve human conflicts. Were we successful? Not by any means. The apocalyptic horsemen of Revelation still ride their steeds: Pestilence, Hunger, Death across the lands. What can we do? Protest? To whom? Pray? To whom? Make promises we cannot keep? All to no avail. Should we give up all hope? Abandon our efforts? No we can't. We have created Buck's Rock, a community that in one form or another exists all over the globe. What does it say? It does say: It is possible to create communities of people young or older who can work, live, strive together, but where every member is free to follow his own star, to set his own goals, remain the captain of his own ship. Will it be successful to fulfil the wider purpose? Not immediately. But maybe in the long run. Buck's Rock and similar institutions may proliferate. They may multiply because they speak not only for themselves. They speak for the victims of the fourth apocalyptic rider, probably the most terrible one: War. We do not know the victims. They count by the millions throughout the ages, we do not know their fate. Tonight, I speak for one of them. His name was Wilfred Owen, and he was killed during the last seven days of World War I. He perished with thousands of young British soldiers driven into a senseless death on Flanders Fields by a vainglorious general, for the sake of a few square feet of worthless marshlands. He was a poet, just one young poet. And this is what he wrote:

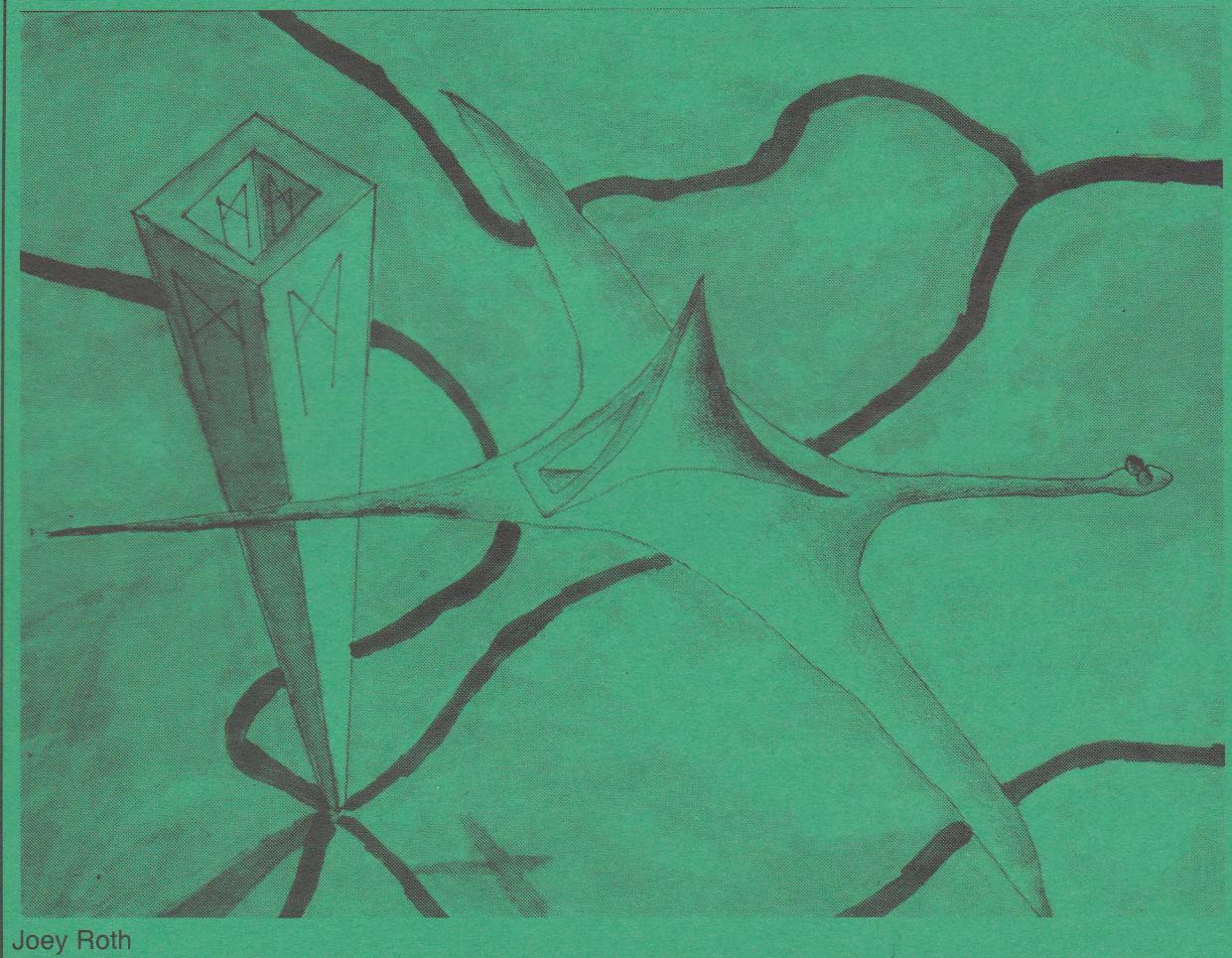
O friend unseen, unborn, unknown,  
Student of our sweet English tongue  
Read out my words at night alone,  
I was a poet; I was young.  
Since I can never see your face  
And never shake you by the hand,  
I send my soul through time and space

But there is a big problem. Every time I spoke at a campfire during all these years, I was convinced of the feasibility of ending all wars. War and warfare had to be abandoned. Peace on earth. *Dona nobis pacem*. It was possible. All we had to do was double our efforts, try harder. But now, gradually, I realize the magnitude of the problem. In 1933 a man, Adolf Hitler, came to power in Germany. His motto was, "Today Germany, tomorrow the world." The Führer was as infallible as the pope was supposed to be. "Heil Hitler." You lead, we follow. Germany above everything. "The world should belong to us." Half of Germany burst into a frenzy of enthusiasm. What was the world to do? Resign itself to the consequences of what seemed inevitable? Or contemplate with Hamlet,

"To be or not to be — that is the question:  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And by opposing end them?"

Should the world with arms folded acquiesce and tolerate the slings and arrows of Hitler's gestapo? And outrageous they were, far beyond human imagination. Hitler and his followers seemed to be determined to kill every descendent of those who composed the Old Testament and silence the voices of the Prophets forever. The world could not stand by and let it happen. How could it cope with a tyranny that was determined to subjugate all humanity, would honor no promises, a regime that wanted war, was certain of victory, and would not compromise or listen to any agreement? In short, a government that wanted war regardless of the cost in human lives. Death to the enemy! We want revenge! Reluctantly the world had to take recourse to arms. Onward soldiers! Go to war! There is no other way. And they did and they had to and ushered in a period of unprecedented devastation, the killing of millions of men, women and children to prevent Hitler from carrying out his nefarious plans. Endless tears were shed, rivers flowed red. The Longest Day. The Bomb. It seemed the end. But mankind is resilient. It survived unparalleled horrors. It began to rebuild, remove the rubble, try to forget what had happened. But Hamlet's dilemma, Hamlet's question persists. It raises a question many thinking, feeling people continue to ask. I have no answer. I am searching for one by posing the question, but I know that everyone concerned has to find his and her own answer or go on searching for one. This August 6th, 1998, we have asked everyone assembled around a campfire, their candles lit, to step to the microphone and speak and try to find his or her own answer. They did. It was a moving sight to see so many young people wrestle with a problem their elders had no solution for. Processions such as ours took place in many countries. They spelled hope, expressed confidence that reason will prevail over unreason, peace over war. Our candles were signals of optimism. We can gain strength from the knowledge that we are not alone, that people all over the world did with their vows what we do. We may not live long enough to see the realization of our dreams, but we should be encouraged by the thought that our efforts, shared by so many, shall not be in vain, that we have come just a little bit closer to what we wish and strive for: The end of all wars. That is the meaning of Hiroshima Night. It is a symbol of the need to keep alive the Hope for Peace.

# Literary Section



“Imagination and fiction make up more than three-quarters of our real lives” — Simone Weil.

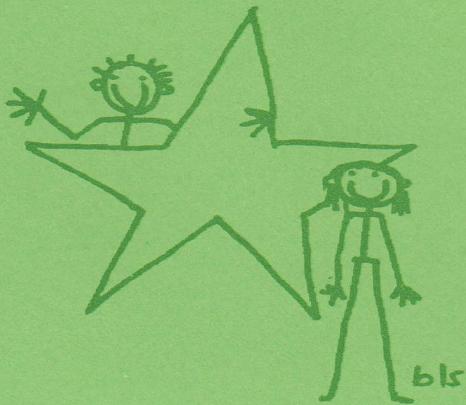
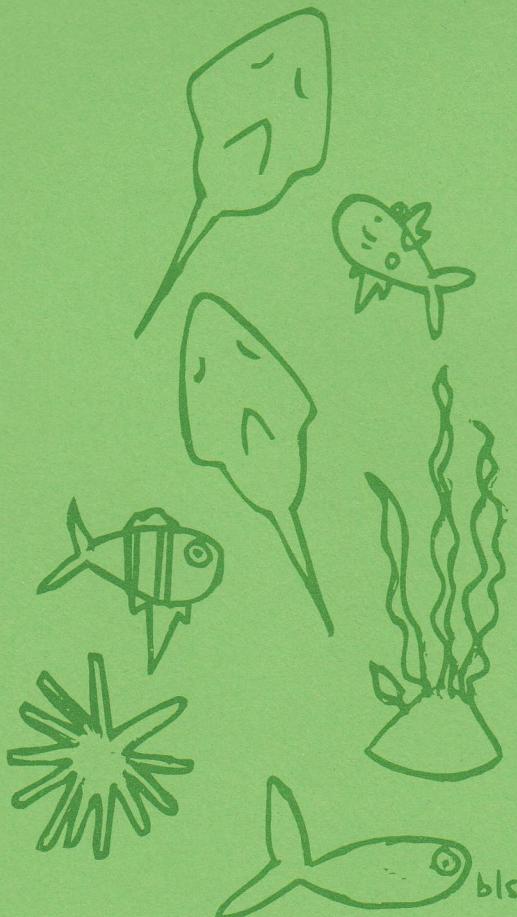


## polyp

spine-seamed phosphorescent  
fish and almost-lipped sting  
rays and velvet sharks and a  
coral reef.

the word polyp has two  
meanings: sculptors that work in calcium  
carbonate, and the  
outline pressing against my  
mother's ovary.

by jena barchas lichtenstein



## what doesn't apply

i want you to be enfolding  
her—i want you not  
to be looking into me.

this hide-and-  
seeking of stars  
is not something subtle, like you talking  
low enough for only me.

you-and-she is better  
than you-and-i-and-lies.

so think  
of you when i need  
a smile, just not  
a happy one.

it's funny—fairytales  
liars tell the truth eventually  
and triangles  
become lines.

by jena barchas lichtenstein





## L a w n S o n g

Oh damn and wow and for a change  
I don't know what I'm doing  
Wonder what it is you mean  
when you tell me I'm improving

I hope you don't mind if I stare while you're undressing  
'Cause sometimes I like to see the person I'm caressing

Do you see me looking at you  
do you see me  
or do you look right through  
to something I can't be  
I'm looking at you  
won't you look at me  
Hangin' on  
to something I'm not sure of  
'cause we sure ain't friends  
and this sure ain't love.

I once read on a bathroom wall  
that lust is always blind  
but I can't divert my eyes much longer  
so brace yourself  
I'm turning on the lights

So you can see me looking at you  
you can see me  
and not look right through  
at something I can't be  
I'm looking at you  
why won't you look at me  
holdin' on  
to something I'm not even sure of  
'cause we sure ain't friends  
and this sure ain't love.

by Nette Shotz



Photo by Peter Marino

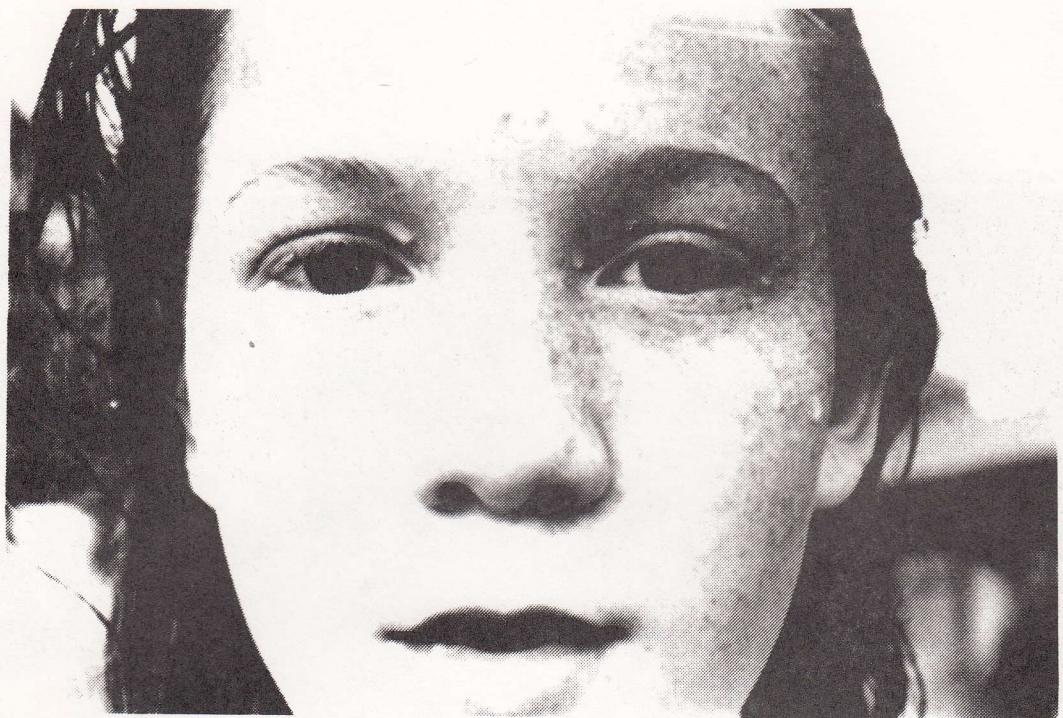


Photo by Nik Axelrod

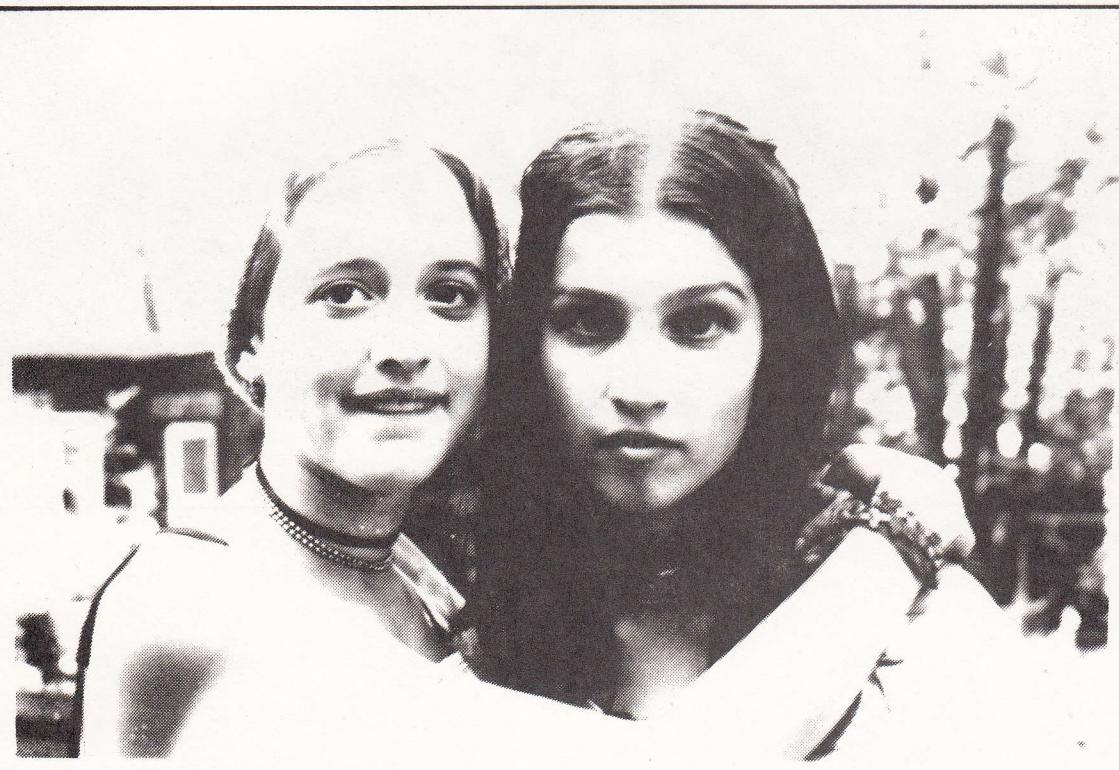
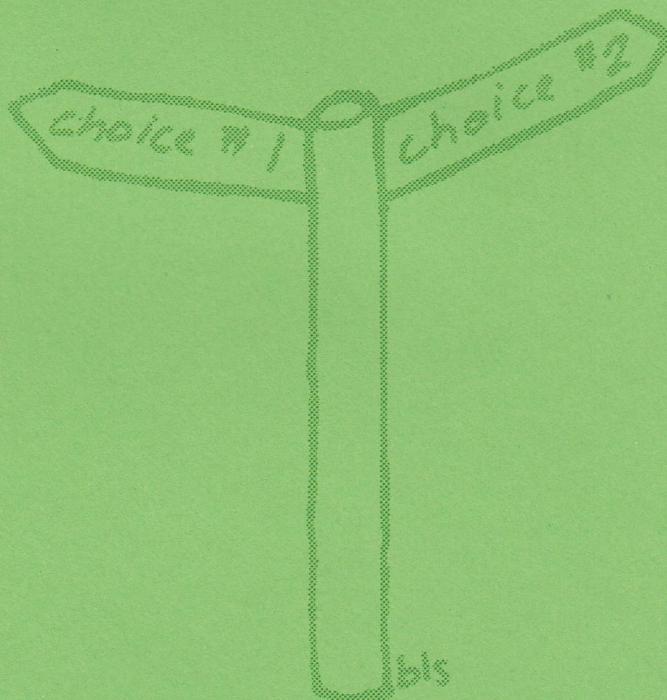


Photo by Paz de la Huerta

# Untitled

You come to another fork in the road  
One side sheltered in brambles and  
Thorns  
Extremely narrow  
Rocks and branches almost everywhere  
You step  
No Options  
Only  
Once you start you must keep on  
Walking  
The other road  
The road to your right  
Paved in smooth gold  
Untouched  
Open to a beautiful sky  
Wide  
With roses lining either side  
So many options  
Which side of the road to walk on  
When to stop and rest  
For some reason  
You hesitate  
And then  
Of course  
Take the one to your left



By Eden Cale





## Mechanical Anatomy

Your heart

You have told me that there is a part of it  
That is filled with me,  
And our love.

But where is this love  
Amid those green spikes  
Running across the monitor screen.  
Are electronic impulses  
All that our love is made of?  
Or is the problem simply  
That what we have shared  
Can not be transmitted  
By the tubes running through your veins  
And into your heart.

If I hold your hand  
So tight,  
So very tight,  
Can I shield you  
From the fluorescent lights,  
And protect your body  
From this mechanical anatomy.

by Jennifer Kovacs



### Poem

I wanted to jump up behind him  
And shout  
BOO  
Really loud.  
I needed to know  
For that one moment,  
However short it was,  
That his consciousness  
Was filled with me.  
I think people are like that.

By Jennifer Kovacs

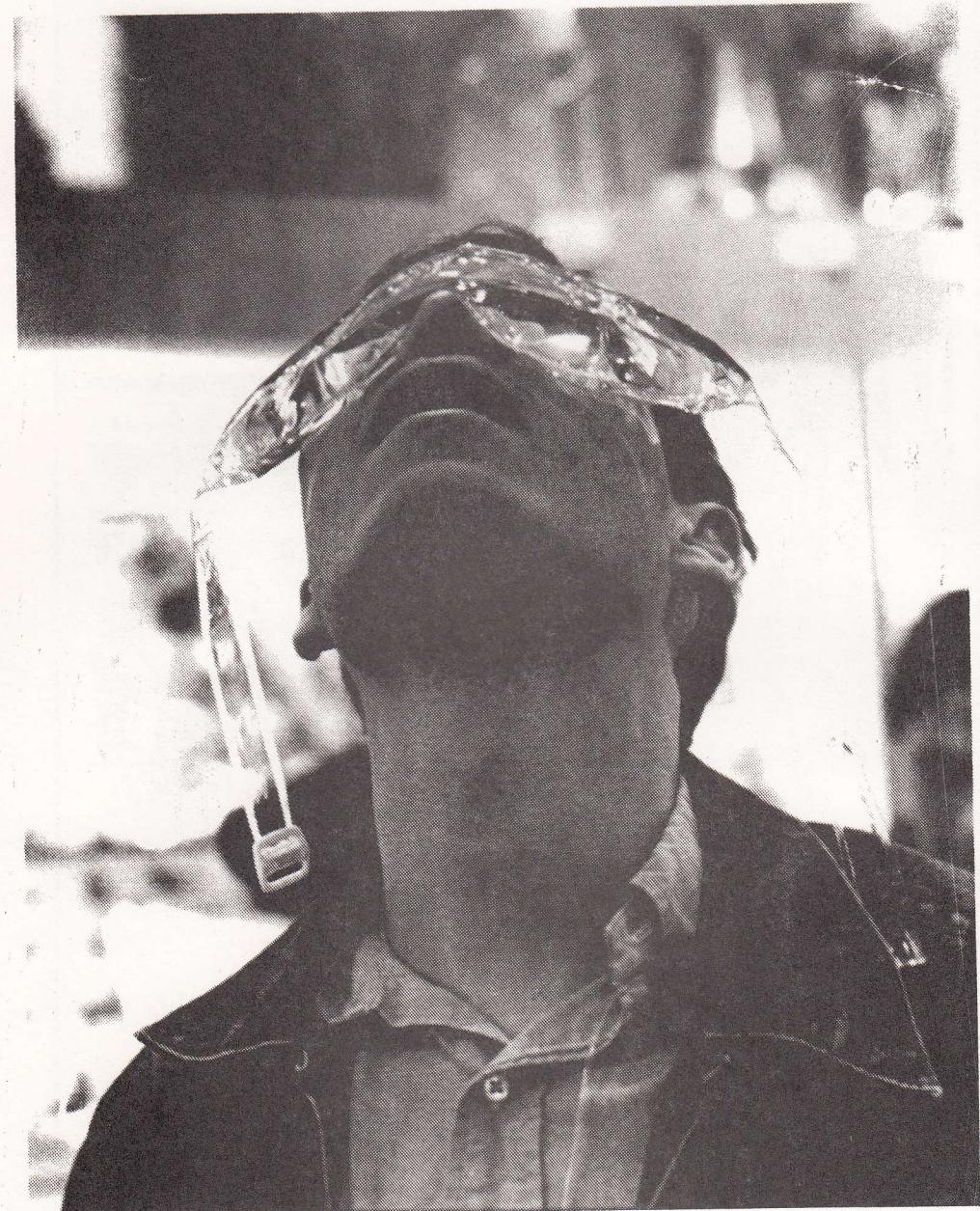


Photo by DeAnna Shemo



Photo by DeAnna Shemo

## concreteness

there are nights  
of platonic heads upon  
legs upon laps  
upon asphalt and conversations about the fear  
of sex and  
the people who don't suffer from it.

there are rocks  
when people aren't  
awake and conversations about the greatness  
of humanity or  
just the lack thereof.

there is water  
and water heaters and  
people who name  
them and conversations about breasts  
and top-  
bunk-phobia and bug spray.

there are stars  
and somersaults beneath  
them and chocolate  
lip gloss and conversations about things  
that happen and why.

by jena barchas lichtenstein





an excerpt from  
**RUSTED SILVER**  
To Zoe Ellis [yic, yic, yic]

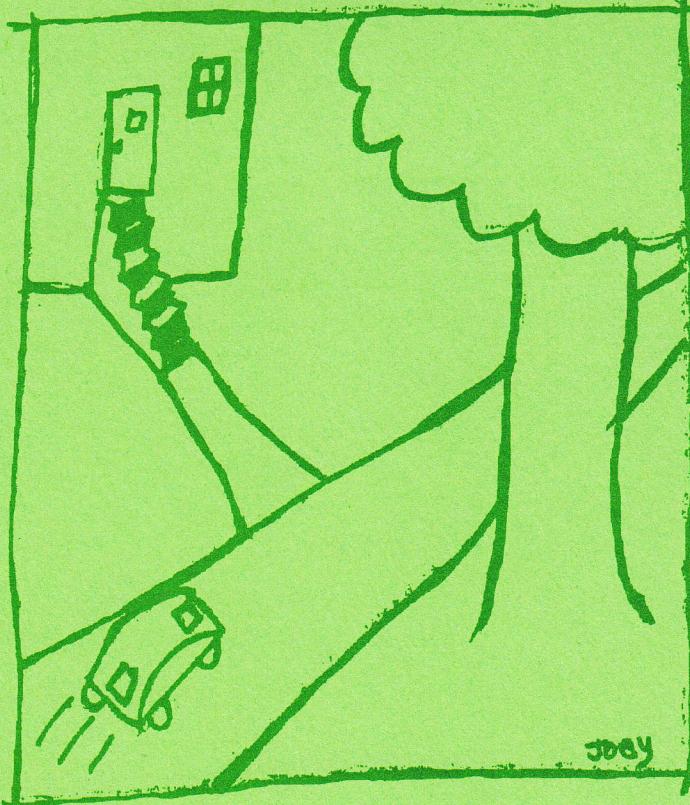
I was trying to make sure my siblings didn't kill themselves when disaster struck. Cassidy had come over to entertain me while Hamlet was up in his room, doing God knows what (which was probably looking at Murray's inappropriate magazines), Charisma was nowhere to be seen, and Murray was off with his cronies doing something stupid like trying to pick up a date or going bowling. I was drinking a beer for no apparent reason, and Cassidy was staring at the ceiling, her legs dangling over the couch. We were talking about nothing in particular when I heard a terrible crashing noise coming from outside, followed by a scream. We tore out of the house like our pants were on fire. The sight out there made us stop cold and just gawk. The car, my car, mind you, was sitting in the driveway, its engine going, smashed directly into the tree in front of our house. The windshield was broken, and the bumper was crunched like an accordion, and I prayed to God that it was otherwise fairly intact. I rushed around to the driver's side, and saw Charisma with a lapful of breakaway glass, sitting there with both hands frozen to the wheel. I opened my mouth to yell, but all that came out was a hissing noise. I had no idea what to say.

Once it sank in, I got mad. I don't think I have ever been so mad before in my life. I wrenched open the door, and seeing that my sister was unhurt, yanked her out. She was so surprised that she could barely stand up.

I grabbed her by the arms, and at once she sank to the ground.

"I didn't mean to, I didn't mean to, please don't hurt me," she wailed softly. My grip was a hard one, and she had begun to cry noiselessly by this time.

"What did you do? What did you do? You tried to drive my car, didn't you? Of all the..... Charisma, I simply do not BELIEVE you! What made you decide to do this? My car is RUINED! RUINED!" She was still crying. There was nothing she could say either. It was her fault, the car would need major repairs, she had no reason to be mad at me, and she had nothing to defend herself with. She wasn't supposed to even start my car without asking first, she'd pickpocketed the keys from their usual spot,



dangling on the keyrack, it wasn't **LEGAL** for her to drive, and it was **MY** car she'd nearly destroyed. Cassidy just stood there, where I had last left her, watching with a gaping mouth. I dragged my sister into the house, shoving her up the steps, and into the living room.

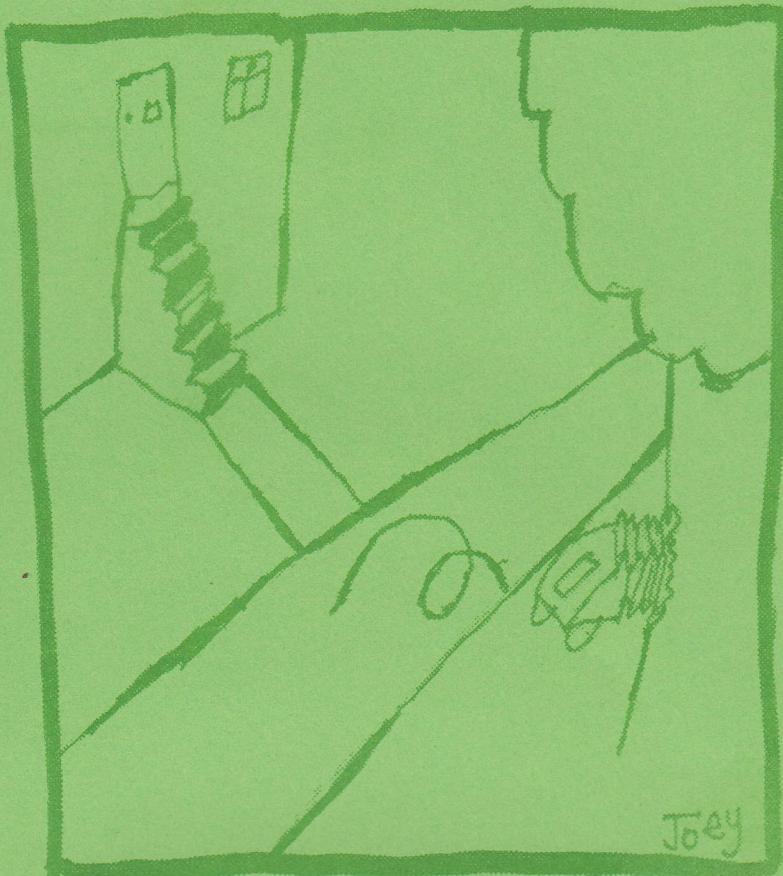
"Look, you have done something stupid, **VERY** stupid. Now I trust that you will never do this again. **NEVER.** You may learn to drive **WITH** supervision when you are older, probably when you're older than originally planned because of this event, and not without asking first. You realize what you're going to do, right? You're going to pay for that windshield **AND** the bumper out of your savings. And, in addition to the grounding, no computer, and no phone for two weeks, and whatever else I can think of at a later time, got it?" Charisma rose, arms folded tight across her chest.

"You're not Mom, and you can't—" I stopped her there. She was being absurd, and she knew it.

"Oh, I can't, can I? When Mom is at work, I am in charge. I make the rules, I deal with the problems, and I dole out the punishments. If you want it in writing, you can ask Mom about it. And you crashed **MY** car! Now I want you to go out there and clean up that glass, and then I'll get Cassidy to drive you straight to the bank to draw out that money." Charisma marched, out of the room without a word. What could she have said, anyway? 'The devil made me do it?'

Cassidy, who had come back in, was standing in the kitchen, with a cigarette dangling from her mouth.

"Don't slam the door," she told Charisma absently, removing the cigarette and blowing a smoke ring. Charisma didn't take this lightly. She made an unpleasant gesture with her left hand and banged the door as hard as she could. Cassidy was not amused, but for once didn't say anything. She met me in the living room, after I had taken several Advil to keep down my headache that was pounding like a sledgehammer. I sank onto the couch, putting an arm over my eyes as if to shield them from reality. Cassidy offered me a cigarette, which I declined. I don't think they mix well with Advil.



Joey



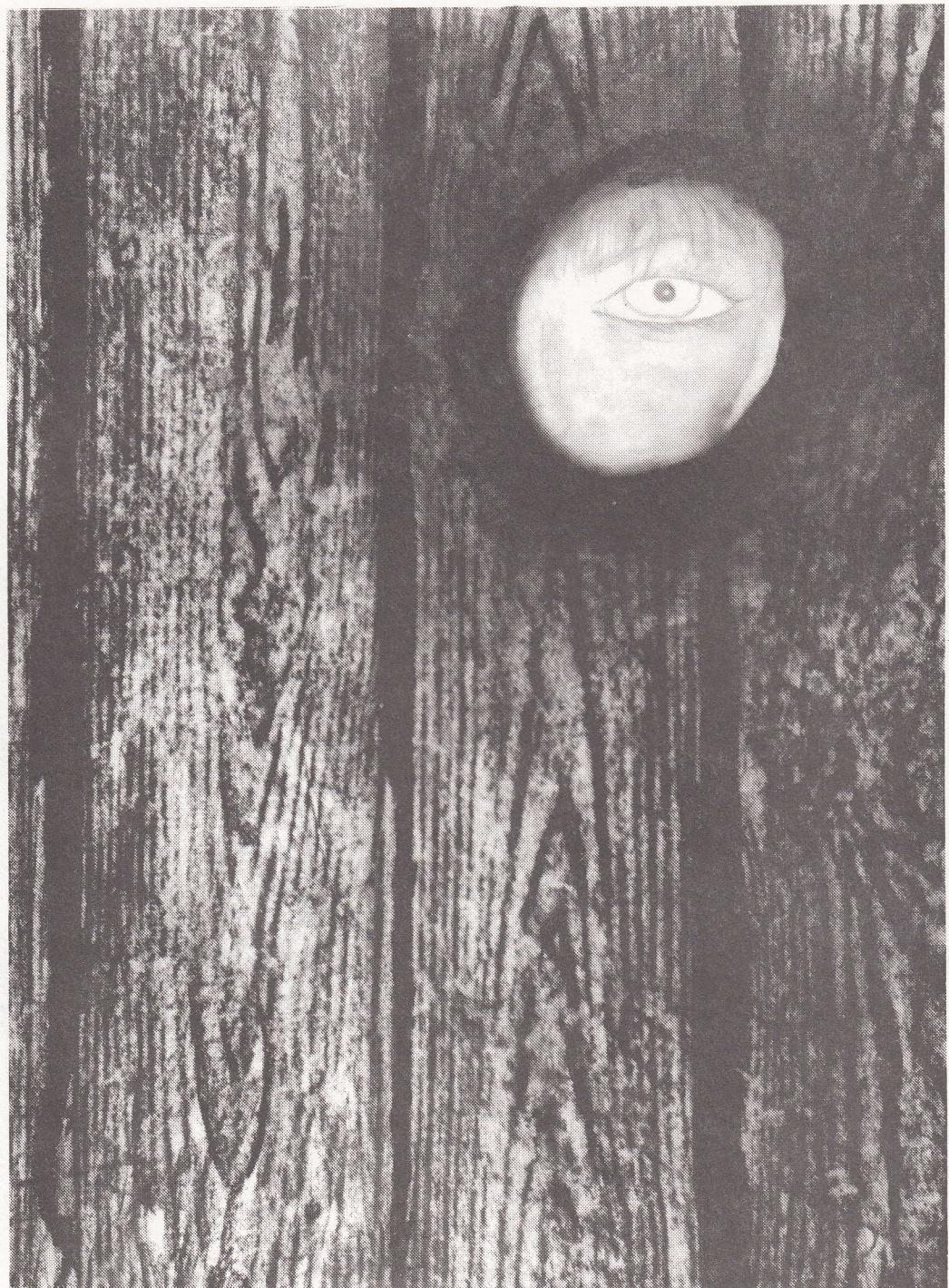


## Untitled

The plane dips  
the city below flashes into view  
endless tiny lights sparkle  
like the glittering treasure hoard  
of this mechanical dragon  
that flew from Miami to New York tonight.

The plane turns slowly once again  
the darkness claims my vision back  
as I settle into dreams—

My heart is numb  
yet spirits flying  
as the darkness closes all around.  
It's the danger of the part I'm playing  
the confusion of the norm  
the fear of falling  
from this empty sky  
so many troubles fill this heart of mine  
yet we are nothing  
to this darkened night....



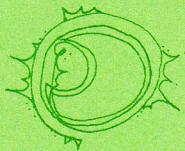
Vicki Litvinov



---

Hannah Tay

## Group Poems



The rocks are baking in the sun  
While the ice drips, plainly on the run

His hand clasps the plastic flask  
Limbs quivering with an unspoken task

Not sure of present, afraid of past  
We move through time so very fast

Time seems to go slowly from within  
It just leaves you there, scratching your chin

While you wait for it to end

You will meet your friend

And along will come a big purple shoe  
Often it's so purple it will appear blue

Sometimes some colors are very unclear  
So near, so dear

I miss the colors

Say the lazy mullers

About the busy streets

Days and nights on infinite repeat.

A fly pauses, thinking, on my knee

It used to fly about blithely

Now that fly, in somber thought

Is nearing some sticky paper in which it will be caught

But the tale of the spider is worse, my friend

That is what will cause your end

People will always survive

Although often need to be revived

Help is usually near

But it's hard to hear

It's like a whisper scattered on the wind

Heard as bits and pieces. A finned

Bird, a winged fish

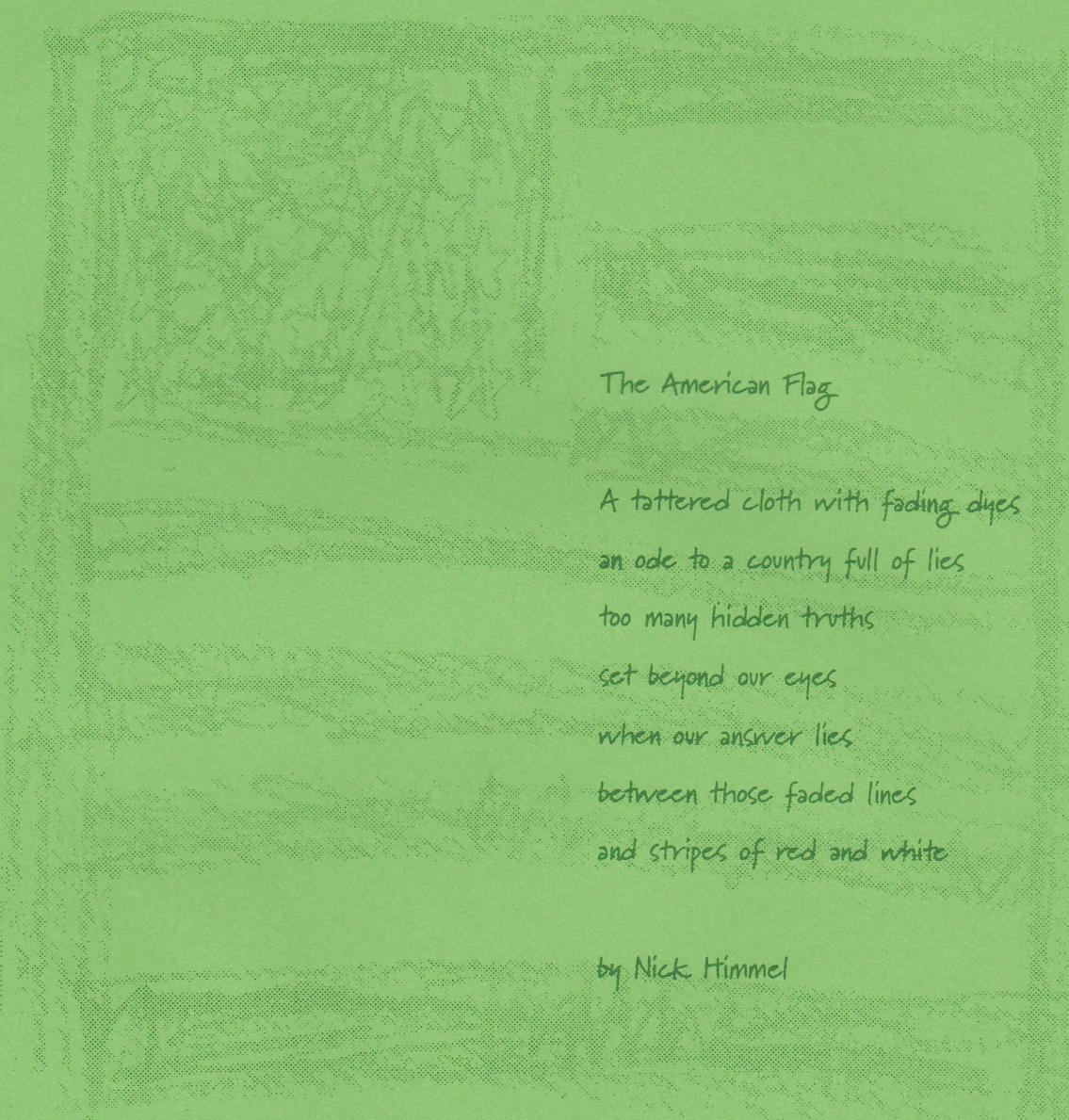
A claw-footed and finned wish

Glittering with scales and feathers

Scratching and pulling at their tethers

Throwing caution to the wall,

And screaming laughter as they fall.



### The American Flag

A tattered cloth with fading dyes  
an ode to a country full of lies  
too many hidden truths  
set beyond our eyes  
when our answer lies  
between those faded lines  
and stripes of red and white

by Nick Himmel

My blue nail polish is the color of the sky

The sky goes boundlessly high

The birds flutter in the wind.

The flies flutter in the tin

Poor trapped flies

We're a million in their eyes

Refracted endlessly

Bits of light that scatter friendlessly

No two in the same place

Each with their unique grace

Holding fort, not giving in

With thicker than simple skin

Teeth clenched hard and mind held high

Eyes turned upward not to cry

Nervousness never killed people before

But this time it resulted in blood and gore

The deadly fright was harmful

And, as always, we held an armful.



There is a brook outside my school

I dropped a necklace in the pool

And watched it float away downstream

I startled and woke, frightened, from my dream

My bed lonely with sheets all damp

With a long night's sweat. I clamp

My teeth on my pen cap remembering that

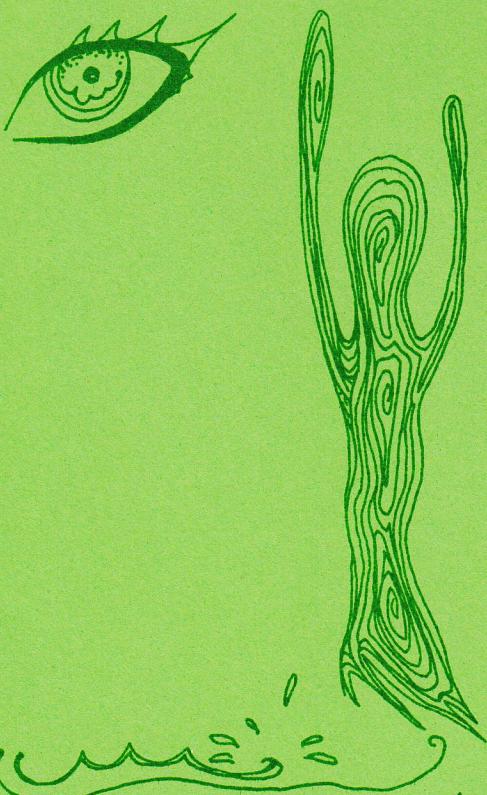
The paper underneath was completely flat

And white

What might

What right

Tonight.



I looked so long I started to fly

I soared and rode the wind and sky

The feeling in me wanted to burst

The nagging sense seemed like the worst

The feeling was taking over

Just like a make-over

Just take a load off

Don't try to be so tough

Your muscles look weak and tired

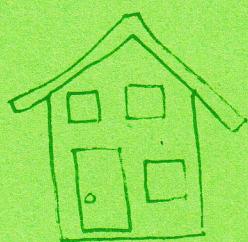
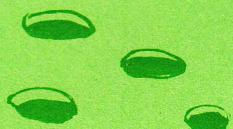
Your eyes dull and uninspired

I can't hear what you're thinking

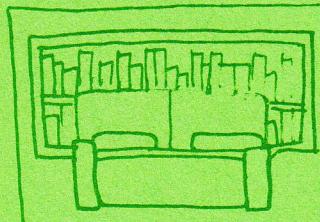
Due either to stubbornness or drinking.



## Transition and Loss

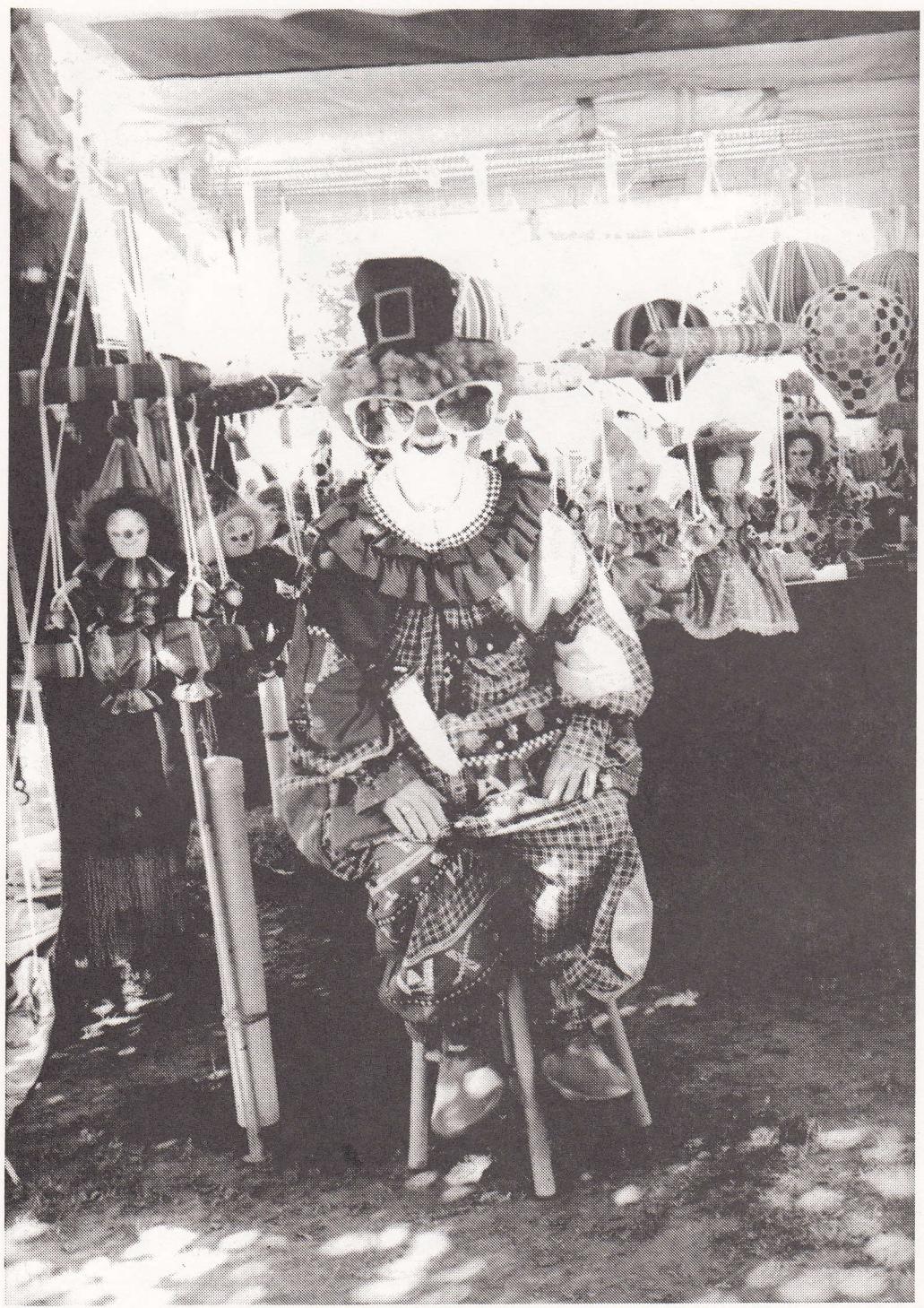


Empty room  
Once full of children  
Who went out to play  
And never came home  
Where have they gone?  
What have they done?  
What horrible monsters  
Have these children become?  
Driving their cars  
And killing their souls  
Living lives  
Full of holes  
Where is the happiness?  
Where is the joy?  
Where is each little  
    Girl and boy?  
    Lost in the woods  
    Or lost at the park  
    Left in the darkness  
    Afraid of the dark  
    Somebody save them  
The children are lost  
They've burned all the bridges  
They once could have crossed  
    Somebody save them  
    Bring them all home  
    Home to this house  
    Home to this room  
    This empty room  
Where have all the children gone?



115

This room is empty now  
And the lights are out...



By DeAnna Shemo



By Sara Folit-Weinberg

## Leaving

Depression

Death

Darkness

Cold

I feel the doors closing in on me  
people leaving  
never to return again

I love

and the person is gone before I know it,  
everyone I love vanishes,  
never to be heard from again

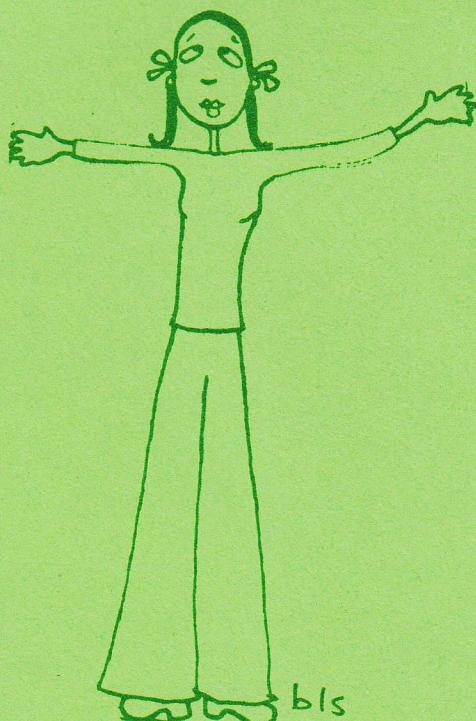
Cold

Darkness

Death

Depression

By Lauren Menahem

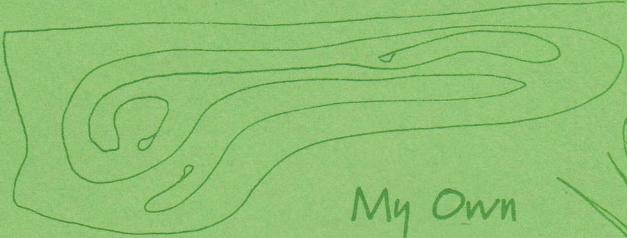


## Camp Infrastructure Is Dead

Everything before is gone. We used to walk side by side in sunlight. Now we walk in blistering silence two by two. How could our laughter fade? How could it end? Now was unfathomable before. Now is a ghost, a nightmare, a demon under my bed. Even our twos are divided in two. In any case, we are not whole. We all want to be mature. We all think we are; we have fooled ourselves. We are the same as before, but we do not want to believe it. So we do mature things in hopes that we can keep our images. We lie. Before is stored in a vial in my heart, but a splintered crack has formed. The splinters are stabbing me. Before is seeping through.

By Elizabeth Nesoff





## My Own

People say they "understand," but they don't

People say they're sorry, but are they really?

How can one be sorry without even knowing

Knowing the facts

The facts only I can understand, the ones I know and I hate

Hate is a strong word. I know, that's why I use it

But you would understand, wouldn't you?

Because you can mind read, even though you really can't

Can't is a strong word. A strong word I hate

Only I know, only I understand, and only I can hate.

How could you know?

Are you me? Are you the hate? No, you aren't

So I've had enough of your understanding and your so-called wisdom

I have my own wisdom

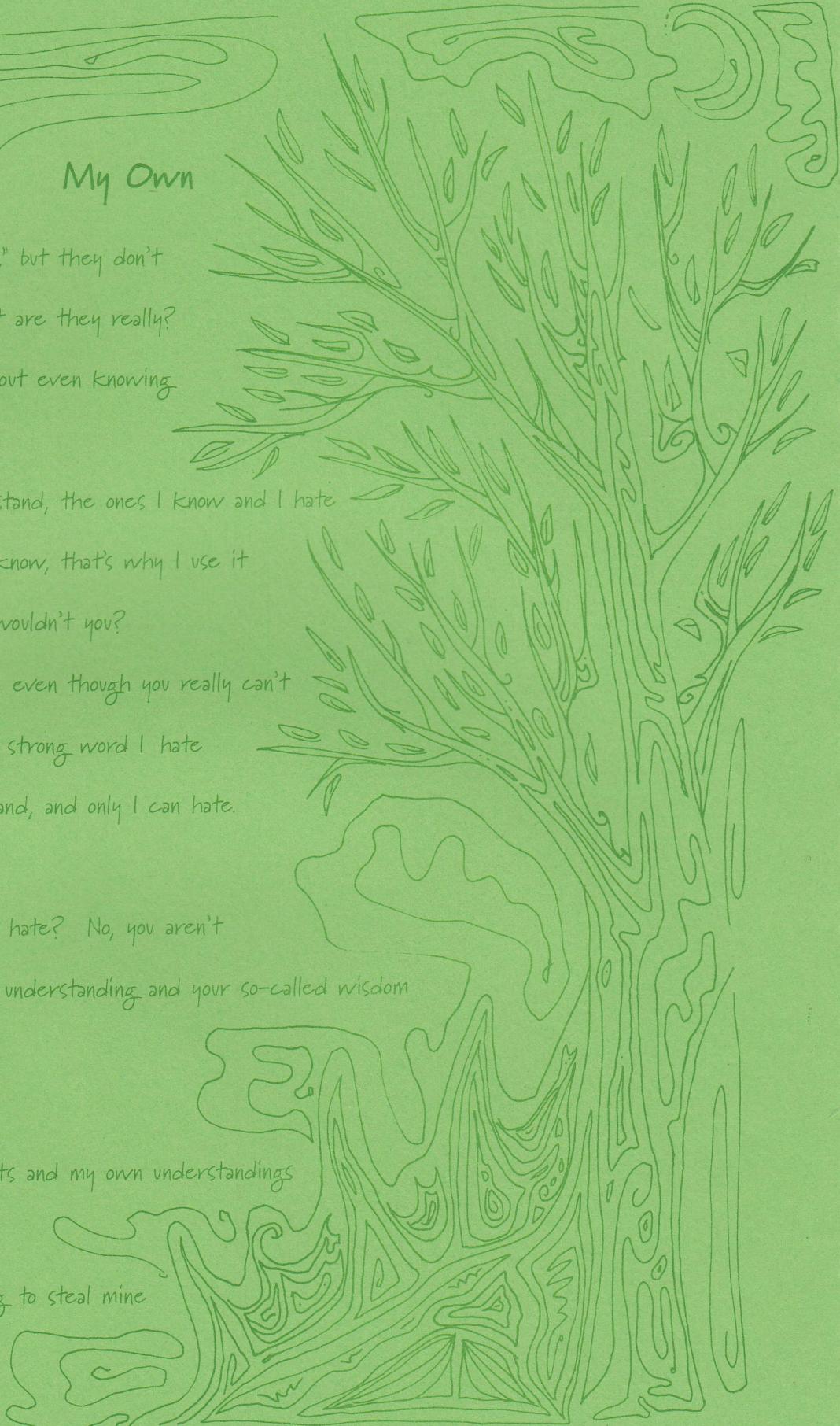
My own knowledge

My own hate, my own can'ts and my own understandings

You have your own, too

So please don't keep trying to steal mine

by Marissa Block





By Jake Cohen



By DeAnna Shemo



By Ori Behr & Jake Cohen

## Forsaken

Streams flow to one place  
one goal.  
I'm sure you reach something  
beautiful  
at the end  
but I don't know what it is  
because every time I get close  
I fight my passage  
reaching out to dig my fingernails  
teeth  
into the rocky shores of the river.  
Even when my hands stream blood  
from the sharp slivers  
so that the water turns  
to a rich  
red  
wine  
I only wonder  
how river pebbles could be so sharp.  
People reach  
out  
to pull me  
up  
but I turn them  
down  
I turn them  
down  
I turn them  
down  
so you see when I reach the end  
divine  
I am empty of blood  
weakened  
with eyes shut tight  
breath shallow  
my arms floating out  
as if I could fly

And the healing does not come

By Katie Tabb



## Why?

Why do I not exist in your bright blue eyes?

Why do you not even know my name?

I want you to see me,

to not be blind when I am around

I see you,

I long for you to hold me in your arms

I wish that you would notice me

Why do you not look in my direction?

Why do you not care?

By Lauren Menahem



By Alexis Rosenbach

# Untitled

I know that he saw me,  
he looked this way  
how could he not?  
But why would he look  
at me?

During a night so beautiful  
with a sky filled with stars  
and clouds,  
picture perfect like the  
tie-dyed bandanna he wore.

Was I day dreaming?  
I swore he looked and smiled,  
I remember the twinkle.

But why look this way  
when he is swarmed with  
mini skirts and tank tops?

Me and my smile,  
it twinkles with metal  
and my face is a collage  
of pimples.

Why is it that I never  
see beauty in myself?  
With compliments and winks  
and whistles once in a while.

I know he looked at me  
with one of those winks  
and unsaid whistles. I know it!  
He must have, I witnessed it myself!  
Was there someone near me he saw?  
Did he shine his smile at their face?

I think not, I know not.

I know that he saw me,  
and he looked deep into my eyes,  
into my soul.

He bore all his secrets and stories,  
he whispered his terrors and lies.

All from one look.

By Rachel Anscher



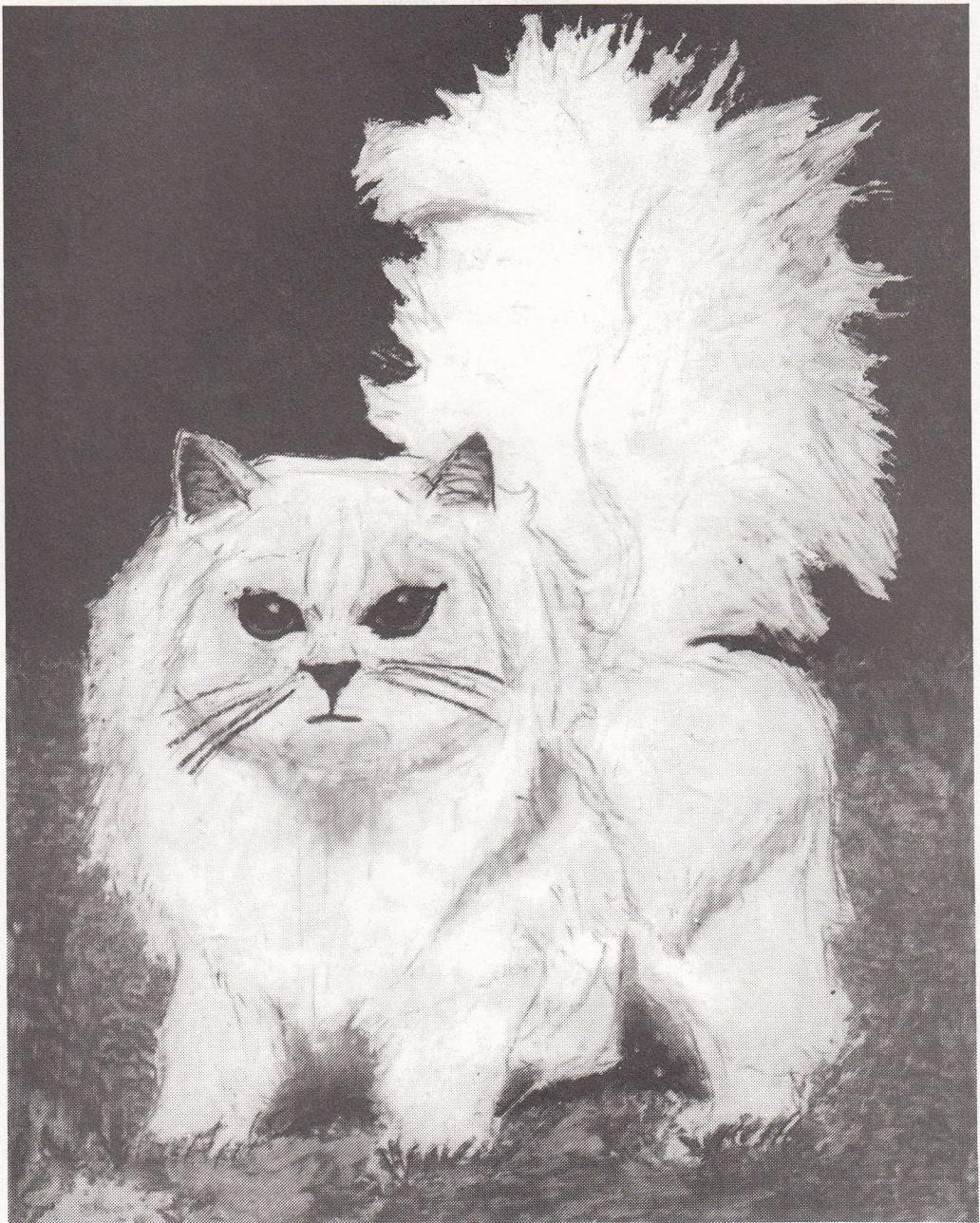


## Shop Counselor's Worst Nightmare

Excuse me! Yeah, I know you're really busy and it's about 10 minutes to closing time but I wanna do something big and cool really quickly 'cause I've only got about a day and a half left here see. I wanna make something with a LOT of ( insert horribly difficult procedures or time consuming extras here ), and do some stuff with the ( insert name of hard to use, easily breakable piece of equipment here ), even though I've never used it before. I want you to work with me 'cause you're nice and not screamy. I wanna make it really big, but I also wanna do it the easy quick way. So, can you help me please!?

PLEEEZE?!





Audrey Soffa



Tess Korobkin

## Halloween Costumes



A devil or a vampire, there's so  
Many things to be,  
An M&M, a famous guy  
I'd even be a tree.

Gepetto or a wicked queen,  
A clown who just tells jokes;  
A teacher or a favorite pet,  
A noun (that one's a hoax).

Cinderella from Timbuctu  
A baker or that big blue shoe,  
There are so many things to be  
But I think this year I'll just be me!

## Art and Poetry

A splash of color, flying across the page  
A big canvas picture growing better with age;  
A flurry of words that express all thoughts,  
A run-on idea that is almost caught.

A sunshine of pictures splashing onto the sheet  
A landscape, a setting, a car on the street;  
A sunshine of words that you write down,  
A prince and a princess both wearing a crown.

Artists and poets are important, you see?  
They are so special for you and for me.

By Sara Kreisel



By Sara Kreisel



David  
Glasser



## Purple Lyrics, Orange Sound

Purple lyrics

Orange sound

the lion turned them

upside-down

round and round and round and round

'till yellow lyrics

blue-green sound

silly llamas, stop that dancing

we don't like you

up there prancing

Tomatos squish and squash galore

when they're yummy

you want more

Fluffy snowballs fly all day

on gossamer wings

made out of clay

Tinkling twinkling snowball fights

end when we turn off the lights

The llamas now are getting wild

the roof jiggles and giggles

like a tiny child

We turn the lights up so they'll stop

throwing snowballs and drinking pop

But golly gosh they start instead

throwing tomatos at my head!

"Silly llamas stop that tossing

tomatoes shouldn't be used for flossing!"

turn that music down, I say!

bright red lyrics—

not this day."

The lion spins on his tail once more  
and suddenly grey lyrics drip  
from every pore.

The llamas become very sad  
(grey lyrics for them are very sad)

As the tomatoes start to wilt  
the llamas realize with a jolt  
the party's coming to a halt

Their long ears droop, tears in their eyes  
they drag their hooves, they undo their ties  
as all the llamas sadly creep  
to return to whence they came, Madeep

I finally smile and go back to sleep.

But don't feel sad for the llamas,  
because I ruined their midnight dramas,  
they'll be back tomorrow evening  
eating croquets and ballroom dancing

and making such a ruckus  
that I will mutter "oh ruckus!"

and put my pillow over my head  
as I listen in dread

to the sound of my roof

going poof  
as their hooved feet

dance to the beat  
of purple lyrics  
and orange sound.

## Responses to Flowers

As I pulled out a slender stem  
to give him with a crumpled bill  
a sprig of baby's breath fell out of the bouquet  
I clutched in my hand, pale from the tearing wind.  
The little budding flowers stood out against the pavement,  
looking too focused, too precise, frightening, as  
rain boots stomped around them.  
Such delicate perfection could be  
so easily ground into the sidewalk to mingle  
with the dust and grime and old cigarette ends....

He smiled at me and raised his cloudy wandering eyes, and  
I gave a little wave and walked away, leaving the  
sprig of flowers on the pavement.  
Maybe he took them, maybe someone braver than I  
bent down to retrieve them.  
Or maybe they were destroyed, as I left with my bouquet...

Responses to flowers, as I walked down Broadway  
it's amazing what so many flowers can do  
as I gave them out in a mingling of spirits, a prayer  
to whatever gods you believe in, .  
and I took in your gifts  
(what gifts were presented!)  
until I walked home laden with them  
and only a few flowers left.

But as I walked, the pigeons surrounded me—  
they could have been doves in a looking glass world—  
and I just stood back  
and looked back  
and saw an old man who was throwing them corn,  
and responses to flowers, that was the best as  
he called me over to him  
and gave me what he could  
and I tried to embrace him and give him  
my flowers, but he only motioned me to sit.

Once again I panicked, and I turned, leaving him  
my flowers.

When I got to your house  
I tried to explain my gifts to you  
though by now I should know how stupid that is  
but it's the desire to share magic  
that never quite leaves me....

You laughed in my face  
until I retreated again, to my home,  
up into my room  
and sat back, and began to create  
my responses to flowers....

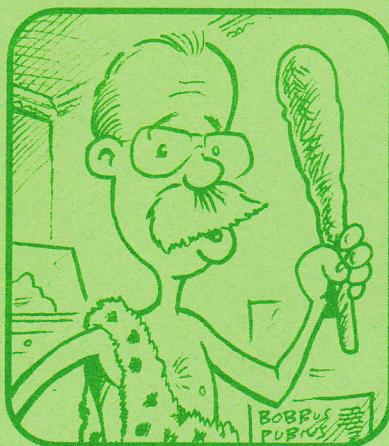
By Katie Tabb





By Rachel Goldman

# Museum of Natural Pobbies



Bob: A Cro-Magnon pombie who seems far fiercer than he is. This gentle first pombie is an expert at running a press and teaching others to do the same, although he has never mastered the Ian method of paper-straightening. He is one of three such endangered creatures.

Ian: This crazy-legged pombie has a poor sense of direction, even when seeking his favorite feeding spot. He is very territorial and gets defensive when either his music or his mate, Gladys, is threatened.

Mike: This pombie lives on Sharpies and halftone screens when at Buck's Rock, although the addiction disappears elsewhere (especially on his boat). His fetish for sewing counselors is well-known.

Jon: A silly pombie originating from the realm of England who thrives on drawing games and group poetry. Camouflaged as a stereotypical British boy, he spends his time designing posters for the yearbook.



Lena: This shapeshifter loses her pombie plumage every other year and becomes a traveler. Her rare talent for naming unnameable poems is not as widely recognized as it deserves to be, although her writing is. This creature enjoys watering flowers and riding bicycles.

Joelle: Dwelling in the dark caves of the pub shop, this creature barely sees the light of day. Not faring well in the heat, she received a freezer recently, though her pleas for an air conditioner have gone unheeded. Because of the heat, it is necessary to knock before entering the darkroom, or one might surprise a half-dressed Joelle.

Julie: This pombie has a fetish for shopping and spends her time pondering the difference between jelly and jello and why her roommate can't work a shower. Her ability to tame the wild computers is (almost) unparalleled.



Heli: Despite her inability to hang on to her pub shop ID for more than five minutes, this pubbie is quite responsible. Although she brandishes a staple gun to scare those who miss deadlines, she is willing to go to incredible lengths to find anyone for any reason.



Kate: Part of this pubbie's magnetic effect on campers has to do with her fascinating binder and the four breasts on her forehead. The rest of it is directly related to her wonderful poetry.



Shelley: This incredibly nice pubbie's only fault is her delayed-reaction jokes processor. Her energy (which she expends playing softball) is supplied by the chocolate she keeps hidden in her corner of the ark.

Katharine: A "domestic" pubbie who loves her bargello more than almost anything. Artistic and creative, she can be found directing those in need, writing poetry, or advising a brood of PITs (Pubbies-in-Training).

Katie: This pubbie is changing her winter habitat to St. Ann's School, thereby becoming a statistic. A crossbreed, she spends equal amounts of time in pub and theatre.

Nick: This deep-sleeping pubbie runs (and cleans) a press with Bob-like efficiency. When provoked, this creature has a propensity to throw water on people and start food fights.

Brett: This quasi-pubbie retains the amazing ability to fix the network and scanner, despite his being a theatre groupie. He can be identified by the bags under his eyes, for, as an LSD CIT, he never sleeps.



Jamie: Otherwise known as "mama pajama," this pubbie is known for her beaded alligators, raider rooting, and running. Her ever-present appetite rules over her poetry as well as her mealtimes.

Lil: With a battle cry of "My hair isn't red; it's strawberry blonde," this pubbie spends her time writing, editing, and cuddling. Her unbelievable cuteness and hydrophobia distinguish her from the standard pubbie. Everyone wants a Lil.

Jena: Mating rituals of this pubbie include fraternizing with the Emery and receiving "moral support." Even when she's inside, her shoes can be found in the garden, as she never wears them. Consequently, her feet are filthy.



Jeff: With a strange fondness for blindingly bright colors, this energetic pubbie serves as everyone's little brother. Disguised as an adorable little boy, this charmer is talented at both metalwork and glassblowing.



Joey: The claim to fame of this pubbie is his discovery of the snokamel, a creature almost as rare as pubbies. This three-legged creature serves as his own tripod when taking photographs of other pubbies making funny faces.

Blythe: This pubbie is incapable of wearing a shirt without horizontal stripes. She is well loved for her randomness and her willingness to lay things out twenty-three hours a day. (She's got to eat, you know.)

Sam: This ostrich-like pubbie with ink-stained feathers and a permanently attached apron keeps his head out of the sand. Quiet and determined, he silently took up the burden of a production editor.



Lauren: Because this pubbie is always sitting in the garden, we suspect her of being of the same species as our stone lion. Perhaps she's looking for a mate.

Emery: This redhead pubbie specializes in banging (drums) and (im)moral support. He is good-natured and can be found floating around the pub shop keeping editors company and drumming on things with his hands.



Andrew: This production pubbie, dictator of the plate machine, ensures that everything has been approved before printing. When not explaining his job to visiting parents, he can be found running after necessary signatures.

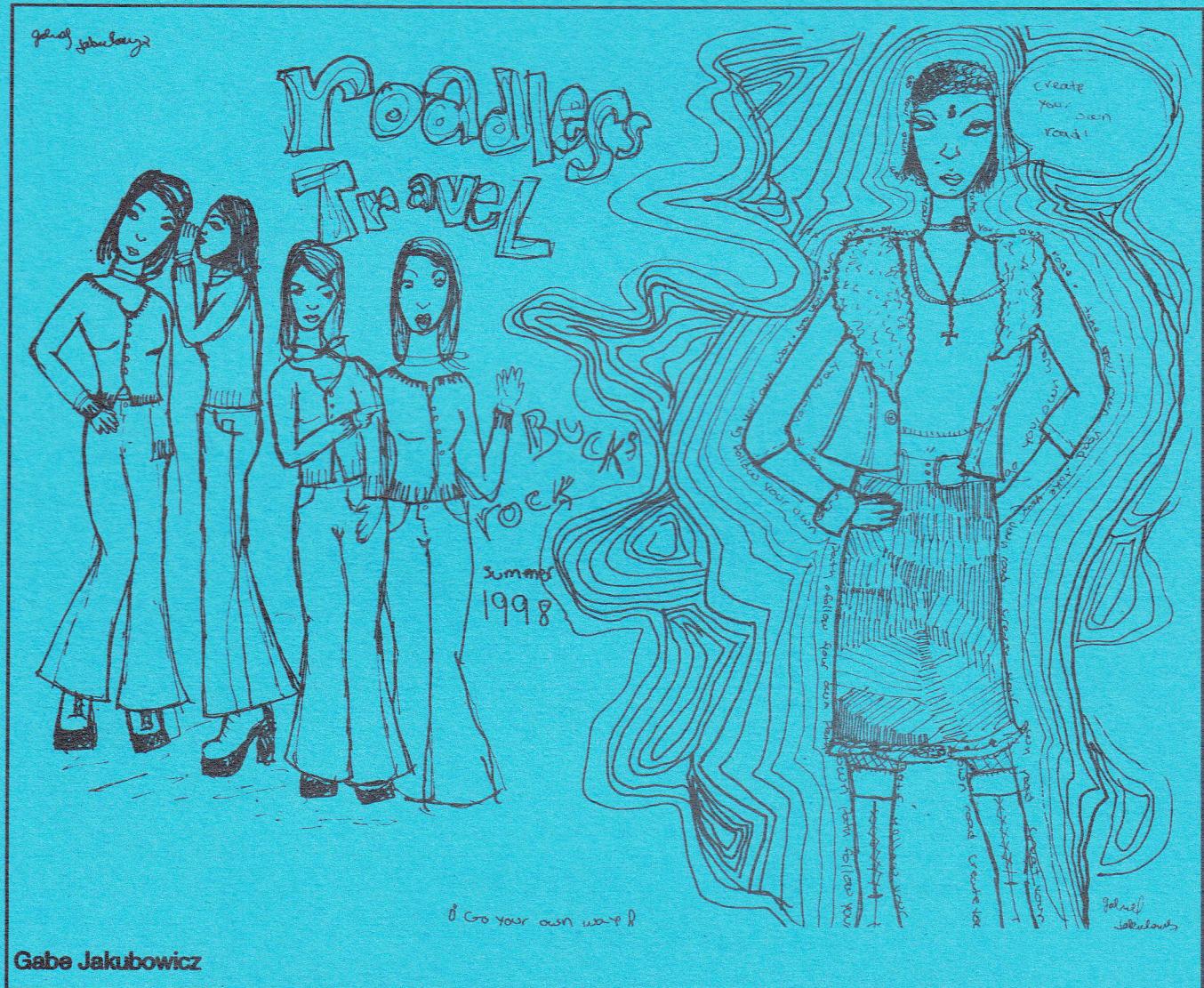
Sarah: This pen-toting pubbie spends her time illustrating on the floor. Our official door mascot, she is frequently found with her sidekick Gabe. Ever ready to assist with last minute illustrations, she is an invaluable new addition to our museum.

## *Pubbies 1998*



*' The caffeine finally kicks in! '*

# Bunk Shots



"We promised if one of us left or died we'd meet again  
in another life"

- Jill Sobule.





## Boys Annex



## Boys House Down



## Boys House Up



## Boys Cabins



Boys Cabins Up



Girls House Down



## Girls House Up



## Girls Annex 1



## Girls Annex Cabins



Girls Annex 1



**Girls Annex 2**





## Girls Terrace 2



Kitchi on Annes



## CIT's





CIT's





JC's



## Staff Families





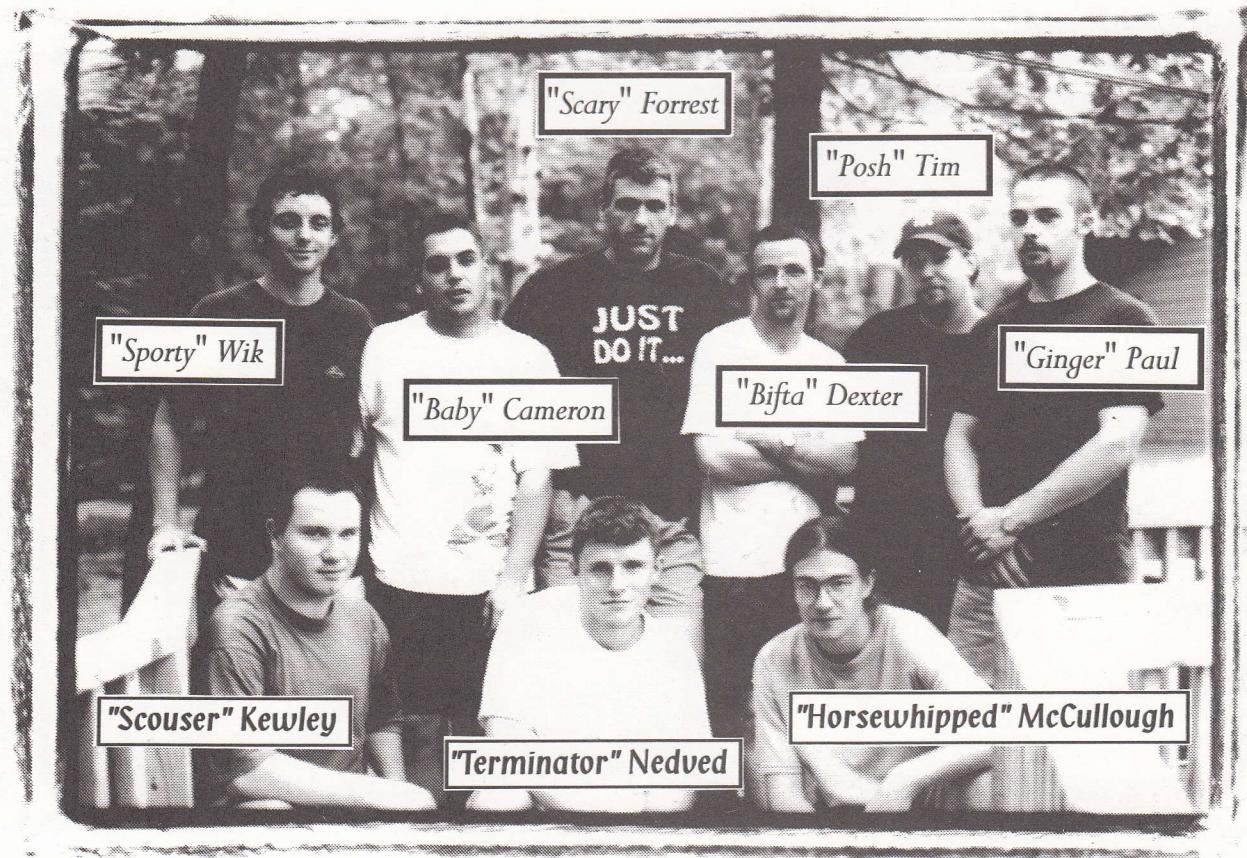
August Boys



August Girls



## Bog Squad



Maintopanga Girls & Garbage Boys



Water Babes



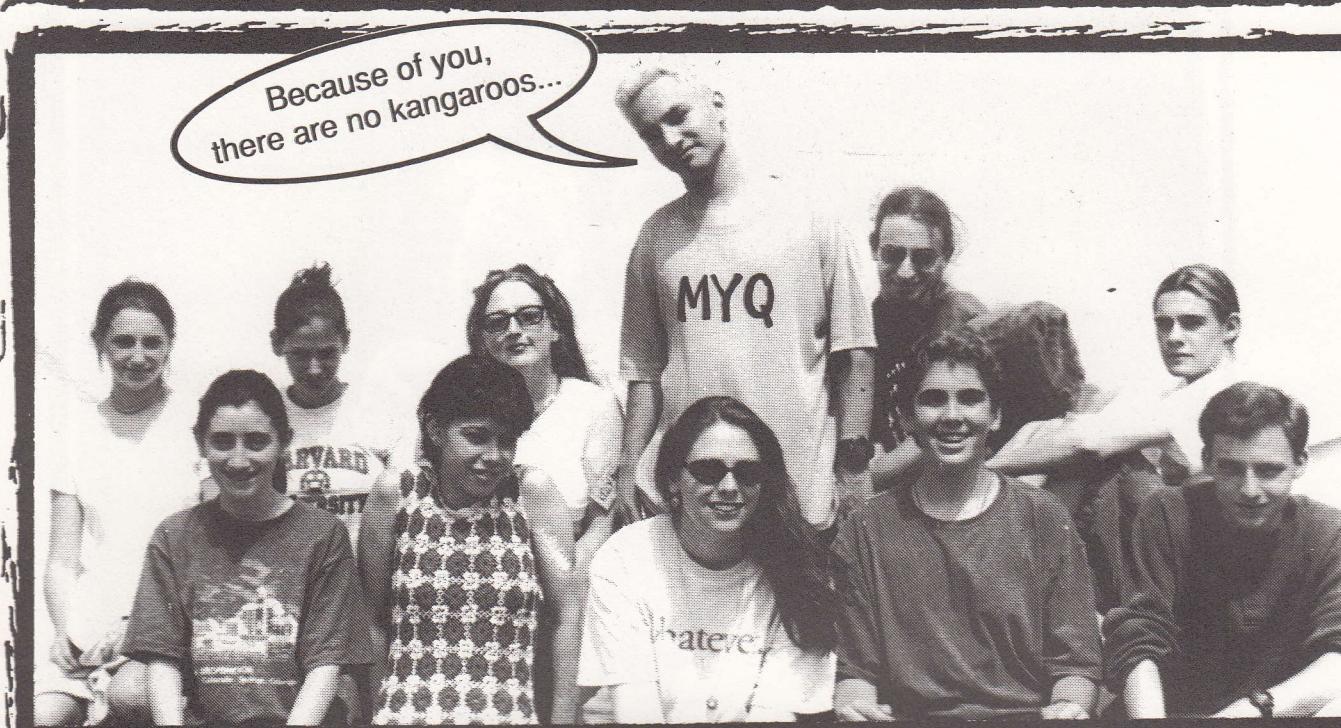
Safety Crew & Devin



## Band-Aid Brigade



Air Conditioned 'Awfis' Folk

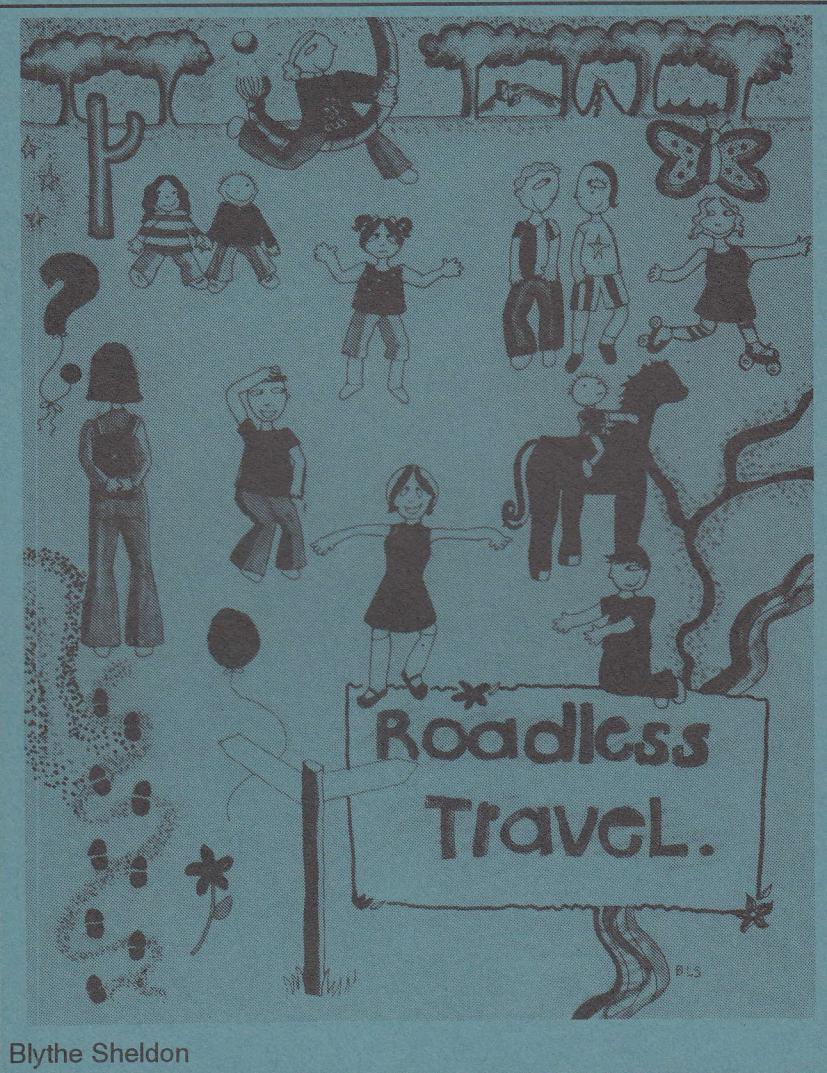


Missing Links who made the first photo



Sad Souls who missed the first photo

# Editorials



Blythe Sheldon

“I would have written sooner, but I got a Christmas tree ornament stuck in my pancreas, and it kept winking on and off, and I was too distracted to write letters.”

-E.B. White.



# Jena Barchas Lichtenstein Editor-in-Chief

It's a week into second session and I'm already writing my editorial. It makes the time that's left feel so short, but there are twenty-one days left, and I intend to make use of them. It's been (and will continue to be) wonderful being editor-in-chief. For my sanity, everyone needs to keep in touch with me (email me at [gemoflight@aol.com](mailto:gemoflight@aol.com)). Now I need to qualify my love for (and gratitude to) a great number of people: **Nick** for not killing me when I was a pain to work with, cookies and brownies, and being a wonderful editor-in-chief even if I did have to wake you up in the morning. **Katie** for having and expressing your opinions at meetings (and keeping people quiet. Almost.) and being a wonderful CIT. **Jamie** for being a raider rooter salad shooter, "What's an Emery?", the monkey, tighty-whities, the signs on the couch, The World According to Garp, playing a viola well (wow!), and **Dan** and **Emery's nametags**. **Lil** for spelling her name backwards, the banging thing (although it's overused), the yearbook is thinking, sharing a cookie (and eventually giving up on it), eating Golden Grahams, and realizing that mind games and seducing other people's boyfriends are bad. **Sasha** for being my wonderful assistant moral support editor and having an endless supply of hugs. The production people for printing the yearbook and similar things. **Blythee** for bunnies not getting horny (they have ears), beige, meeting your husband at Buck's Rock, truck, hobag, making a weapon to kill the door-slammers, 2 going on 81 (the old man!), striped clothing, extra body shampoo, "Hi, I have one buttock and my girlfriend...", **Babarushashashsha**, **Zorro**, crack cake, and seamen's diaries. **Jeff** for being my older brother (blame **Ori**) and zonker yellow. **Sara** for being a fantastically cool person whom I never see now that I don't room with her. **Lisa** for not killing me when they printed the visual arts header in bright red and we argued over it. **David** for being named **Son**. **Joey** for snokamels. **Lauren** for biting (ouch!), New Milford time elapse crack, not doing anything friends wouldn't, **Rachel Tolin's bra**, silver lipstick (I look dead), and the **BLT**. **Emery** for "three-thirty in the morning and...", freestyle walking with **Blythee**, being short and scrawny and funny-looking (I'm kidding), not tickling me, immoral support, not taking credit when I remembered to bring **Lil** breakfast (ahem!), and shaving. **Brett** for having two years of experience, being the "yearbook peacemaker," and not buying tampons. **Kate** for the whale that looked like big white bananas, the evil awful camping trip, the breast poem shirt, lemons, your binder, and having four breasts on your forehead. **Katharine** for not eating raisin cookies, symbolic relationships with allergies, and being able to keep a nightgown in your pocket. I wish I could do that. **Shelley** for your chocolate and your editor-in-chiefing advice and your Simon and Garfunkel CD (and knowledge) and other things. **Joelle** for not sharing Em'ly Meg's eternal joy in PMTing. **Julie** for being Lena's gorgeous daughter and rooming with **Lynsey** and telling me stuff about her. **Lena** for helping me name unnameable poems. **Heli** for having a name that sounds so good with hello. **Ian** for teaching me to run a press and not completely giving up on my paper-straightening skills. **Bob** for being a wonderful head of shop. **Mike** for your book, your boat, and the poems I wrote with you two years ago. **Jon** for being really silly. **On to the non-pubbies**. **Anya** for green and the fact of the day. **Celia** for chocolate poetry. **Gina** for being the other girl on the bed and for singing a very cool song. **Anna** for leaving on a jet plane, **Josh Leitner**, not touching the drummer, and living through a show with a bloody foot. **Zoe** for being awake, early, bra night at Radio, that bruise, being able to use my chapstick again, finding out about the tingly chapstick, and not getting yourself thrown off the porch. **Josh and Chris** for jogging while **Zoe** does step aerobics. **Josh** for flogging **Emery** with his blanket. **Laura** for having a bony arse, not making out on the bus, and a lot of other stuff. **Kevin** for getting locked into Radio with **Dan** and **Eric**, the voice changer, and all of your gadgets. **Eric** for getting tied up, your five o'clock shadow, your career as a quasi-Radio CIT, and all your women. **Dan** for calling me "Jen Bark Lick" although it sounds really wrong, your TV show (may it ever exist), and **Revlon**. **Ray** for having a love of spicy food and being in one of those sorta-kinda-almost dating someone situations. **Mimi** for making birthday bears for everyone and kilts at bar mitzvahs. **Liz** for my being shorter than **Emery** (sigh), screaming "Liz is coming!", your mural being painted over, having freckles on your lips (so does **Emery**). So do I. I think it's a trend now.), your inability to walk, your not killing me for using last year's jokes, and the French guys you couldn't talk to. **Alice** for **Hanson** and **Hank**. Sorry. **Scott** for your gigantic ass and my immaturity and my bad girlfriendness. **Rachel** for the walkie-talkie, dating a clown, and other thaanga (like the kissing thaanga). **The other Rachel** for telling **Adriane** all of **Brett's** secrets. **Mara** for **George**, **Ronald McDonald**, and your other men, as well as all our after-put-to-bed conversations and your condom collection. **Morgie** for cows and the more milk you drink...I won't finish. **Mona** for getting rid of my cold. **Jonah** for your really soft pajamas. **KC** and **Kelly** for hugs and general coolness. **Lynsey** for **Scott** and being unable to work a shower. **Sarah** for talking to me when I can't sleep and not acting like **Emery** (usually). **All of my assists for everything**. **Eliza** for having the same last name as Mr. Bean. **Lixian** for having a cool name. **Dani** for sleeping in my old bed. **Carol** for hyperactivity. **Camp cake** for giving me a lot of good laughs. **Vivi** for living near me and writing long, cool letters with fun stuff in the envelopes. **Jenny** for weirdness and lemons. **Ernst** for inspiration. People I forgot.



NICK HINNEMAN

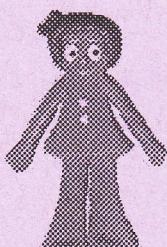
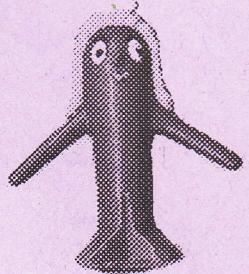
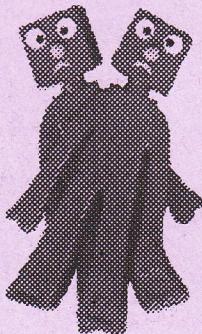
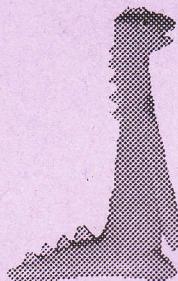
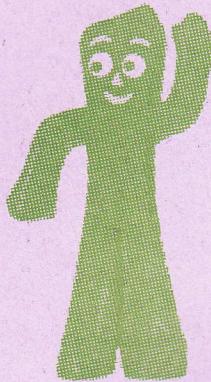
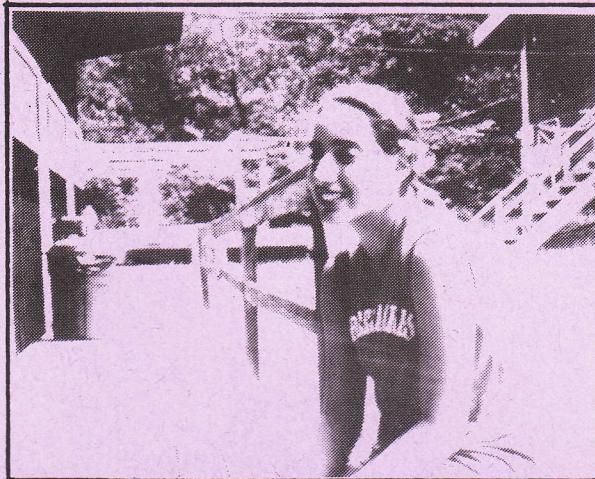
Thank You  
all so  
much

I love you  
all

# Jamie Pamela Davidson

COPY EDITOR

Photo by Morgan Dark



Thanks to:  
Chocolate milk, z100, **Jena**- the ghost queen, penguins, **K.C.C.C.C.**, everyone who ran the New Milford 8, the gay admiral, grilled cheese, **Steve**, **Dave**, **Jeremy**, and **Adam**, the entire MuShED staff, **Emily B.**, Greenacres Elementary school, **Dan** and his amazing technicolor name tags, beaded alligators, 4-sided triangles, **Blythee** <thump, thump, thump.> oh my god, he's on crack! <slam!> **Sheldon**, pretty boys and dumb jocks, chocolate eclairs, the Scarsdale Raiders, **Mimi**, cough, 82 year old men (because the old men are 82), Dr. Pepper, everyone whose name is Jamie, the New York Knicks, tightie whities, the bugs who infested our bathroom, **Alexis** "huh? I just woke up," **Wagner**, **Golden Grahams**, **Morgan** and her future dancing, singing, acting, clowning husband (enjoy the dance video, **Morgit**), all of my **LII** single friends, **Lauren M-** for slamming our door, Japanese soup, **Liz** "Everybody does it" **Nesoff**, chickens who dared to cross the road, chocolate ice cream, the 'Armpit of America', lip gloss, movie soundtracks, penguins, the pub-a-dub-dub staff (including: **Katharine**, the defiant one, **Kate** "Mama Pajama Schapira, Hello-Hell, **Lena** (Why don't you go and complain some more?), **Shelley**, and her alligator and, and everyone who supported Circle of One, the "peanish" game, **DKNY** sport, **Emerydog**, people who look pretty today, **Allison**, **Tassie**, and **Jen** (who all have a rosy glow during their business meetings), **Kelly** and the light switch, hot water heaters, your mother, **Rachel** + WOULD practice, but I have to work" **Goldman**, maroon, **Margot**- for making me and **Blythee** cheerlead, chocolate bars, **Laura**, who just finished the eighth grade, **Jeff**- for laying this out, **DeAnna** (even though you have it so you can pull your pants down for everyone) Juicy Juice, many **MANY** people named **Sarah**(**h**) (Walkovitch, F-W etc...) and **Sara**'s brother, **Zoe** "You don't WANT to know" **Reiff**, violas, **Eric** the 'melter', all of the other yearbook editors, **Gina** and hot chocolate, **Haagen Daas**, **JII**- Oh my god! #11! I KNOW him!, instant messages, **Sarah Choi**'s Yodeling class at the Fleen shop, lazy music CDs, **Mona** and her **Godzilla**, **TRUCKS!**, the Abercrombie guy, the monkey that was NOT in my mouth, **Alice** and "ay", **Gumby** and friends, **Brett**- for not buying every female pubbie "feminine products", the Shabbat prayers, **Girls** **Cabins** (for blasting rap and for screaming "MAIL!!!"), **Mom**, **Dad**, and **Jeff**, **Rachel Glaser** ('cause she has cooooo hair), the people in room 88 first session (session session session), soft grass, Hermaphrodite's annex (HAI BAI), **Lynsey**, who, of course, has no boyfriend, **Ernst**, chocolate chip cookies, and <your name here>.

Have a great year, and call / write / E-mail me soon!

Phone:  
**(914) 722-0934**

 **JAMIE**

E-mail:  
**Chaklit@AOL.com**

**"Jaimita, come to Florida, baby!"**

# Walking in Endless Circles

by liL ith Houseman

Thinking I had a week to get my editorial together, I spent about two days gathering random thoughts. It then turned out I only had four days to write my editorial. Of course I spent the next day being a spaz. This, therefore, is an extremely shabby job of trying to remember all of the jokes of the summer and the people they are associated with. Once again, a complete liL production, for better or worse.

To jena, even though if I called her "Jena" she wouldn't mind as much as she did last year, for letting me give her the cookie, seemingly endless conversations in which we bared our souls and denied it later, realizing that we can be unbelievably similar and not hate each other, being my mother in all but age, and being my matchmaker of the summer (oh yeah, and being an awesome E-in-C). To Lauren for bearing with me when she was still upset about the tan slug incident. To my roommates, DeAnna, Emily, and Rachel, for listening to me bitch, moan, and cry about important and stupid things alike. To Laura for showing me what happens just below the elbows. To Lori for trusting me and seeing me through this, that, and the other thing. To Kevin for giving me someone to worry about besides myself. To Jamie for beaded alligators and still letting me be her "liL single friend", applicable or not. To Jamie for freezing his ass off in Alaska. To Jamie for convincing me to try bargello and worrying with me when we had nothing to worry about. To Mimi for naming the spots on the camp loop with me, bearing the brunt of my complaining, and really being the first to hear the news. To Josh for early morning chats in bathrobes and evening techs with Russian accents. To Zoe for naming the tan slug (incredibly appropriately). To Zoe and Jena for being fudge heads/Brett's x-girlfriends (no they are not one and the same). To Mara because I listen to you and you listen to me and it's a great system. To the entire cast of Godspell, I can only say one word: "Pigs". To Emery for pouring my water for me and naming me Cleopatra (queen of de-nial). Everyone wants liL. To Simon because I suppose I owe him an apology. To Shelley and Katharine because bargello is the best way to be domestic. To Kate for getting my random and not always altogether funny comments (i.e. "Gag me with a rusty spoon" and "Nice is different than good"). To Dan, my brother, for being cuddly and an excellent substitute boyfriend. To Eric for helping me start my necklace though I'm fairly certain I'll never finish it. To Blytheee for going to EMS! Yipee! For living up to your name! To Becky because you bring out the worst in me and it's just so much fun. To all the Pub Shop counselors for being their magnificent selves. To Morgan because I got to see him every day during Godspell and for eating her soup with no utensils what so ever. That takes major talent. To Gina, Anna, Celia, Anya, Claire, and all my other first session friends whom I could never forget but can't seem to remember. To Mondays because the curse is finally over. To Chupa-Chups although I refuse to believe I look like one in any way, shape, or form. To mushrooms, (no, not like that, I'm a good girl), whether or not I end up using one on this page. \*Note: LSD does NOT stand for "liL stayed down"! To the way the Pub Shop smells that everyone except me seems to abhor. To "the lovers, the dreamers and me." To Brett for 'deja vu,' but better, moments that I intend to tell my mother and my grandchildren about, and those moments I certainly won't.

And thanks to everyone who's growing up. I know I'm really five but at least you all spent the summer pretending with me. I came back in hopes of a summer to match last year's. But that's like comparing apples and panda bears. My only request is that even though you can't stay five with me forever, you'll come back and visit me and I'll go up and visit you and we can meet around fifteen. I'm willing to compromise and I'll probably catch up to you soon anyway, but give me another year or two of the magic.

KATIE TABB  
WRITING EDITOR

If you I you ask me  
tell you I come  
= OUT LOUD  
T op of my lungs  
- Emile Zola

I LIKE THE MOUNTAINS  
YET I LIVE THE RIVERS  
I LOVE THE SKY. WHEN THE BLUE  
IS EFFORTLESS  
BUT I AM STILL SCARED OF THE DARKER TIMES  
(ONLY WHEN THE MOON IS HIDDEN)

I am a  
prayers  
5 HEART  
XV/15 e vi  
-SARK

THE STRANGENESS OF THIS SUMMER WAS IN THE QUASI-REALITY OF IT. AND THE MEMORIES IT INVOKED. IN SOME WAYS, IT SEEMED TO BE A RETELLING OF PAST YEARS. BUT WITH THE PAINS AND JOYS SOMEWHAT FADED, IN A WAY. IN SOME WAYS IT HAD A FLAVOR QUITE ITS OWN. SINCE I HAVE GROWN SO VERY MUCH. THIS IS MOST PROBABLY MY LAST YEAR HERE. FOR ALL OF YOU WHO HAVE TOUCHED MY LIFE ADDED YOUR OWN FLAIR AND ENERGY TO MY MEMORIES. THANK YOU. I PUT AS MUCH OF MYSELF AS I COULD INTO THIS SUMMER AND THIS YEARBOOK. MAY IT HELP YOU REMEMBER.

The intelligent desire  
self-control  
Children desire candy

With will fire becomes  
Sweet water:  
And without will even  
water becomes fire.

-Rumi

Say You Believe In Love?



Mirror in the sky, what is love?  
Can the child in my heart rise above?  
Can I sail through the changing ocean tides?  
Can I handle the mirrors of my life?  
I don't know...

-FLEETWOOD MAC

THANKS AND KISSES TO: BOB, JULIE, KATHARINE, MIKE, JON (DADDY), IAN, HELI (MUMMY), SHELLEY, JOELLE, KATE, LENA, AND A LL OF THE PUPPIES FOR THEIR TEACHING, PATIENCE, BOWLING, ZANINESS, BARGELLO, SEWING LADY FETISHES, "APPLE JUICE" DEATH, SEX, AND CHOCOLATE, FUN ACCENTS, AND KINDNESS; NICK FOR BEING GREAT TO WORK WITH AND AN ALL ROUND GOOD TYPE O' GUY; JENA FOR BEING A LOVELY EDITOR-IN-CHIEF AND MORE IMPORTANTLY A LOVELY PERSON; JAMES FOR LOVELY GUITAR LESSONS, FOR HIS EXCITEMENT FOR HIS WORK AND FOR FORGIVING MULTIPLE LATENESSES AND FORGETFULLNESS; JON METRIC FOR REMEMBERING AND ACKNOWLEDGING MULTIPLE MORRISSES FOR PUTTING THEIR LIVES INTO SOMETHING SO DEAR TO ME; JESSIE GIRL FOR PUTTING UP WITH HUMANITY; ADAM AND ALLISON FOR DOING THEIR JOB WITH A SUBTLENESSENTHAT MADE IT SO VERY WELL DONE, FOR BEING GREAT PEOPLE AND FOR KEEPING THE FAITH; SARA, BECKY, HALEY, AND ELSE FOR BEING THERE AND LETTING ME BE THERE, FOR WISDOM, AND FOR GIVING ME SOMETHING TO ASPIRE TO; BRETT 'N LIL FOR REALIZING; NICK, SCOTT, AND OWEN FOR BEING WISE, ADORABLE, AND UTTERLY ODD (NOT RESPECTIVELY); SARAH AND IVAN FOR BEING EQUALLY WONDERFUL; MY LITTLE ADOPTED SISTERS (AND BROTHER-IN-LAW) FOR GIVING ME A MINI-FAMILY; HIEDI FOR NAMING ME DANA, FOR BEING LOVELY, BRAVE AND SELFLESS IN THE BEST OF WAYS AND FOR ALL THE UN-ANSWERED MAIL; FRUITSATIONS FOR LATE NIGHT PLEASURE; RACHEL FOR FOOD, FRIENDSHIP, AND THE OCCASIONAL REALITY CHECK; STEVE FOR AMUSEMENT, A WONDERFUL PART, AND OCCASIONAL WISDOM; JOEY, FOR BEING WONDER-FULL AND HELPING ME TO LIVE OUT LOUD; THE CALF AT THE ANIMAL FARM FOR ALLOWING ME TO BE MOTHERLY; BRAD, FOR BEING TOO YOUNG FOR ME FOR REMEMBERING AND FORGETTING WITH STYLE AND FOR BEING WORTH IT ALL; TINY FONTS FOR BEING STILL READIBLE; PIC FOR REMINDING ME WHAT FUN IS; PEOPLE I MEET AFTER I WRITE THIS FOR BEING LAST MINUTE BONDINGS AND/OR FLINGS; TANGLEWOOD FOR THE FIREWORKS; LIZA FOR BEING BEAUTIFUL, WISE, EVER-SURPRISING, AND LETTING ME ALEX, FOR TEACHING, INTROSPECTION, AND MAGIC; THE NORM, FOR COMPARISON PURPOSES; SAM, FOR RECOGNIZING LILITH'S NAME; MAX, FOR ELIZA'S BRILLIANT BIRTHDAY PRESENT THAT MADE ME MISS HIM; ELIZA B, FOR BEING ELIZA; MARC AND HANS, FOR MEMORIES, WORDLESS ADVICE, COMPASSION, BELIEVING IN ME AND FOR BEING INCREDIBLE; STACY FOR BEING A CRASHMAT, FOR UNDERSTANDING FOR HAVING BEEN THERE, AND FOR TEACHING ME WHAT FRIENDSHIP SHOULD REALLY BE; PEOPLE I DON'T KNOW FOR READING MY EDITORIAL; JULIA FOR HER IMMENSE WISDOM AND VULNERABILITY, FOR HER FAITH IN ME, FOR ALLOWING ME TO BELIEVE THAT IT IS, IN FACT, ALL ABOUT SOUL AND FOR TRUSTING MY LOVE; BECCA FOR NEVER FORGETTING THE FUTURE OR THE PAST, FOR HER AMAZINGLY CUTE TONGUE FOR SHOWING ME HER SECRETS, FOR ACCEPTING MINE, AND FOR HELPING ME COMPREHEND THE PUREST AND FIERCEST FORMS OF LOVE; GRANDPA AND GRANDMA FOR CONSTANT LOVE CLIPPINGS, AND WISDOM... MY RESPECT FOR YOU BOTH IS ENDLESS; MOM AND DAD FOR HONESTY, UNDERSTANDING, RESPECT, AND BRAVERY, FOR A BEAUTIFUL HOME AND FOR SUPPORTERS TO TURN TO; I ADMIRE AND LOVE YOU BOTH; ERNST, FOR INSPIRATION, COURAGE, FREEDOM, AND JOY; AND THE ENERGY OF THIS PLACE FOR MAKING IT ALL REAL AND ALL INTERNAL AND ETERNAL.

# ★Blythe Sheldon~art and layout editor★

This was my fourth summer at Buck's Rock and, once again, I found my home in Pub, either slaving over layouts and illustrations or chilling in the garden. It was a great summer. There are lots of groovy folks to thank so I'm going on to the the thank you section now...

Alex, for always being the first pubbie I thank; Jena and Nick for being two wonderful editors-in-chief and working hard to keep the whole yearbook running smoothly, even when it wasn't; Jena for... "I have one buttock and my girlfriend has...", tharking yo mama, fraternizing with the emery, being there to laugh at crack cake, goodnight spork and foon, witnessing sleep-walk dancing, and everything else; Jamie for mama pajama, yo mama too, "<thump, thump, thump> ohmygod, he's on crack! < slam>", Jaimita come to Florida baby, truck!, the goat game, the 82 year old man (because the old man is 82), soft grass, the monkey in your mouth, ha and ba, raider rooter salad shooter; Morgan for making fun hand motions, the would you rather game, pretty boys, skaters, keroppiroppi, and... "I know you like a book, your favorite food is cheese...I'm hungry, I'm hungry, I'm hungry, need chocolate woo hoo!" Brett for the beer conversation (hi Rachel), your wedding (hmm), helping me out whenever, "I can keep a secret", feminine products, and for stuff; Bob for being the king of pub, Ian for believing in the circle of one, Alice for being the only full-fledged Hanson fan I know; Nick Weist, "Besides accepting foreign cake, she's...a man!", seeing the coolness of sporks and elbows; yearbook editors for being awesome people and working hard; layout '98, "Yeah I'm crazy, but I get the job done." (Ben Folds Five); pub staff for obvious reasons; Kate for always being there, having four breasts on your forehead, and giving back rubs; Katharine for doing bargello and feeling... "domestic" and for having a nightgown in your pocket; Shelley for having a delayed reaction to jokes (even though it's been awhile); Joelle for always being the grooviest darkroom gal; Ally, Celia, Barrie, Jessi, and Alise for being from D-E and being awesome folks; pop ices; the Mr. Men show; Andrew Merelis for making funny faces and for wishing he was a pubbie; Lauren Mirsky for being the ultimate sweet person and for letting me point out random things while you tell stories; Rachel Spiller for telling me 1 1/2 weeks before, 1 1/2 weeks after, and just telling me in general, hugs, and respecting my choice in bedtime (thanks, Brett); Scott Simpson for making up a song about gigantic asses; Heidi for having "non-intimidating" purple hair and being cool; Lauren Menahem for being cheerful at all times, climbing Mt. Fujiyomama, making us make signs not to slam doors (you're the prime reason), and for being single; Dan Bobkoff for being my cousin (heh heh...my little brother, even if you're older and bigger than me), being "Dan Dan Revlon man," Radiohead, biff and byfe, and frikken amazing frikken amazing frikken amazing (What is it? Frikken amazing); Julie for shopping, the rank list, I have a page, and glitter; Lynsey Thom for being unable to work a shower and playing the joke on Julie; Emery for the jeans-toe thing, freestyle walking, and being...utterly silly; K.C and Kelly for being the best house counselors "psycho psycho psycho"; Owen for gigantic asses, "What the hell, I'm a snail", "My watch is bigger than yours but that doesn't mean I know what time it is", and other phrases on the rise. Thanks for having Oompa Loompas in your head. Sarah Choi for being the coolest, yodelling classes at 5 AM at the fleen shop; the gay admiral (Morgan, enjoy the dance video); Jeff for having interesting taste in color; Ben Folds Five; Kevin for once again proving preppiness can be a natural thing, Secunda hair products, and enjoy your kiwi binaca; couch for its couchiness and rules (#8); Eliza Bean for being the mature one; Lena for having 11 phone cards; Mike Hingley for being so goddamn talented; Jon for playing the drawing game; porch people; people who don't get out of their pajamas until 3:30 PM; lil for always being cute and wear the purple dress if you want; the Abercrombie guy; Slartibartfast; my parents; and Ernst.

If you were not mentioned, it wasn't all my fault. I might as well stick the directory in my editorial. If you're bothered so much, write your name in the box provided. I hope you all have a great winter. See ya. "So long and thanks for all the fish." (Douglas Adams)

have a great year...call/write/e-mail me  
-Blythe



[blythesheldon.com](http://blythesheldon.com)



Jamie's  
Photo



# Jeffrey Shuster

## Art & Layout Editor

### Zonker Yellow!

Yup, that's it; The color of the paper which is currently blinding you. If it were up to me, every page in the entire yearbook would be this brilliant color. Anyway, when I assumed the job of an Art and Layout editor, I faced massive responsibilities... to layout the entire yearbook, with assistance of course. This seemingly impossible job took numerous weeks and hundreds of hours to complete, but we did it with flying colors. I'd like to thank all of Pub and everyone that I forgot to name in my next paragraph.

And now my thank you's... to all of the yearbook staff for helping to produce an incredible yearbook; to Blythe for being an excellent Art and Layout co-editor; to Sara for allowing me to use Zonker yellow; to all of the assistant art and layout editors for helping us layout this great yearbook; to Jena for not fainting when I told her of the color of this page and for being such a successful and dedicated co-editor-in-chief; to Nick for also being an excellent dedicated co-editor-in-chief and for his chocolates of the day and cookies; to Joey for his funny sense of humor and for being nice; to Chris for helping to keep me sane; to Jon for keeping the Pub spirit alive— Go off and play; to Julie for the rapid rise to the peak of her 'list'; to Heli... I hope you use your '\*\*\*' well; to Lena, I'll be waiting for the delivery of the '-' during the winter; to Ian... I hope you make good use of your thimble; to Mike for our 'Trade'; to Bob for improving my 'folding skills'; to Shelley for being a great softball coach and a dedicated counselor; to Katharine, my loyal folding 'assistant'; to Joelle for making everyone laugh; to Amy for her support and the great vase; to the Metals staff, Bob, Juliette, Jahje, Rachael, Laura and Jesse for putting up with my insanity and for their 'gracious hospitality' in the Metals Shop; to Jaime, a second mom and a great friend; to Bob Needham again for

writing to me during the year when I forgot to do the same for you; to my house counselors, Marc, Darren, and Jay for being supportive; to Andrew for also helping to keep me sane; to my parents for their love and support; and to Ernst for making everything possible.



**Caution!!**

I am not responsible for anything said in this box! Please make any claims to the name Julie Alleyn.

This is as close as I'll ever get to having my own yearbook page! I won't make reference to my "list" but clear on top is Jeff Shuster for obvious reasons. Thanks Jeff. I love you B. I got an MA this year. Bye.

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING:  
ZONKER YELLOW? NO. ONE:  
LIKES ZONKER YELLOW. BUT JEFF  
DOES. HE LOVES IT. SINCE WE SHARE  
A PAGE, IF I VETTER IT, THERE  
WOULD BE NO ZONKER.

A black and white illustration of a woman in a dark dress with a large white bow on her head, lying down and smiling. She is surrounded by a white cloud-like border. To the right of the cloud, there is handwritten text in a cursive font.

ALICE  
KATER SHARING  
A M:F: PAIR OF  
I LOVE PURPLE  
W/ THE ZINK  
PAGE 10  
O.K.  
OF CO.  
ALICE  
CTHULHU  
LIL

WAS FOR BEING SUCH A BAWLER BEING SO FUNNY & TAKING ACHIEM FOR HER FEET (HE HAD THE BATIK CO) AND FOR BIZLEY FOR BEING SUCH A SHMOOPP (FINALLY TELLING ME, KATEKEK) BEING WAY TOO PRETTY, AND BEING SUPERNOVELY + HYPEREXIS FOR BEING MY SOULMATE AT ONE WILL KEEP U HAPPY ALL YEAR FOR THE LOVELY LETTER-ORIC UNDERSTANDING THE NECESSARY EQUILIBRIUM BETWEEN NICE & JANE: ANNA FOR BEING GREAT ROOMMATES JENA + LAUREN FOR LAST YEAR MARIE, LARA, EMILY SUZ + DAMON FOR BEING THE BEST STAFF JAMIE FOR GIVING ME A REASON TO LIVE REGINA FOR HER INNER UNIQUITY LAUREN FOR BEING THE COUNCILOR WITH BEST NAME MELISSA FOR NOT BEING POWER TRIP BOB FOR SHARING THE EYES I'M A BEAVER, YOU'RE A BEAVER, WE

A black and white photograph of two young women, one with dark hair and one with blonde hair, smiling. They are wearing light-colored blouses. The image is framed by a decorative border containing the lyrics of the song "My Heart Belongs to You".

# JESSICA MORRIS

## PHOTO EDITOR

I AM TOYING IN MY MIND WITH WHAT THIS PIECE OF PAPER ENTAILS ME TO CORRESPOND TO YOU, I HAVE



THOUGHT TO MYSELF THAT IT MEANS THANKING A SELECT GROUP OF PEOPLE WHO PROBABLY WILL NOT EVEN READ THIS. I COULD WRITE ONE BIG EXPECTED CLICHE AND BORE ANYONE WHO TAKES THE TIME TO READ THIS GREAT PIECE OF LITERATURE. WHAT ALSO CROSSES MY MIND IS WHICH PEOPLE IN PARTICULAR TO THANK.

AS IDEAS ARE NOT FLOWING THROUGH MY

MIND AT A FAST RATE AT ALL TODAY THERE REALLY IS NOT ANYTHING THAT I WOULD LIKE TO SHARE WITH YOU ALL (SORRY TO UPSET ANYONE WHO THOUGHT HIGHLY OF MY WRITING SKILLS).

WELL I'LL DO THE DECENT THING AND THANK TWO PEOPLE IN PARTICULAR, ROS AND TONY MORRIS. THE TWO EXTREMELY CARING AND STRONG PEOPLE WHO I AM HIGHLY FOND OF.

BENJI YOU DONT UNDERSTAND HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU.

TAMI, JENN, THANK YOU FOR EVERYTHING YOU HAVE DONE FOR ME, ESPECIALLY IN THE LAST YEAR. I LOVE YOU BOTH.

MORGAN I DONT REALLY NEED TO SAY MUCH BECAUSE I DONT FIND THE IDEA OF WRITING SILLY LITTLE PRIVATE JOKES AND MINIMALISING A WHOLE FRIENDSHIP ON A F\*\*\*ING PIECE OF PAPER APPEALING...

OK SO I HAVE DONE THE EXPECTED THING TO DO, IT WAS NOT THAT BAD, CHEESY I ADMIT...

*Jessica Morris*

Master of Piggies,  
I hail thee. You,  
will forever be the  
ultimate form. Sorry  
about the mirrors  
and the sphere.

I will have five  
blades of grass.  
Have means now!  
The hill was  
puffing, and  
The pub box  
will forever  
be puffing.

COWS! I will  
milk every  
drop of blood  
you. How  
considering  
you mad like  
a cow!



Why must you  
subject me to  
the quintessential  
torture, PMTing?  
Thanks for the grey  
washing idea, and if  
you become thirsty, have  
a bicycle.

Thanks for  
tolerating me  
when I wore  
the grass crown.  
I AM an eccentric  
sea monkey.

You were  
wonderful as  
the can of soup  
in the cit snow.  
wonderful is  
an understatement.  
Brilliant art  
and laying out,  
and thanks for  
respecting Snowy

I am seriously  
experiencing Dino  
Fry withdrawl.  
Take good care of  
the train. ~~good~~  
~~good~~ ~~good~~ ~~good~~ ~~good~~  
i.p.?

# Andrew Zorowitz, Production Editor

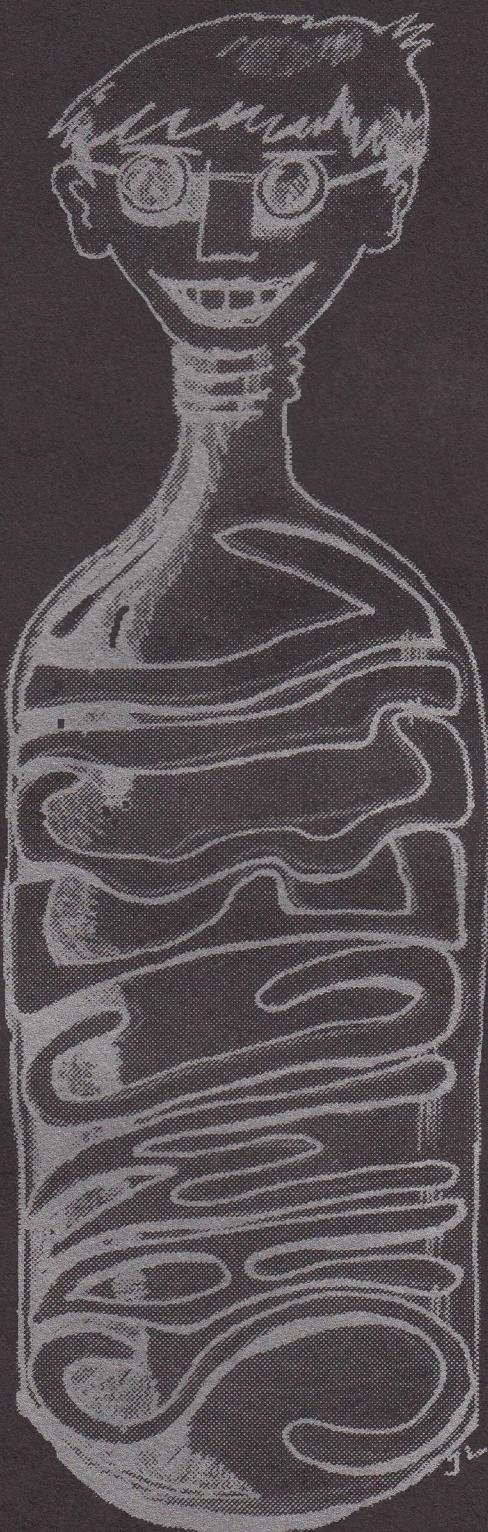
As with my editorial last year, and anything else I have ever written, I am typing this only hours before it is due. Although the yearbook is far from finished, I have had lots of fun printing some of it.

This yearbook is a compilation of the work of many people. I would like to thank the following people: Sam, Nat, Scott, and Brad, the other production editors, for helping to print the thousands and thousands of pages needed; Ian for actually printing most of those pages, including those impossible full color photos; Bob for fixing the presses again and again, no matter what I managed to do to them; Joey for taking the photo on this page; the editors-in-chief for making sure that everything worked out; all the other Pub staff and editors because without them, there wouldn't be anything to print; and anyone else who I may have forgotten.

[zman1000@juno.com](mailto:zman1000@juno.com)



photo by Joey Roth



# ABSOLUT PRODUCTION

©1998 Sam Cecil. Production Editor, Thanx to: Andrew Z, Bob, all production, all other Pubbies including Jon L, Katharine, Heli and Lena (even though I didn't write anything), All of the yearbook editors (even Art & Layout), and my bunkmates: Paul, Steve, Jon, Kelly (no, he's not a girl), and Aaron.

Those who enjoy Pub enjoy it responsibly.

# Emery Roth

## **moral support editor**

"You all remember," said the controller, in his strong deep voice, "You all remember I suppose, that beautiful and inspired saying of Our Ford's: History is Bunk. History," he repeated slowly, "is bunk." - Brave New World, Aldus Huxley

This years memories at camp are by no means "bunk." This has been my best year, and will probably be my last. I want to thank everyone from years past and future who, have and will affect me in ways that I will never forget.

Jena- For waking up at the crack of dawn (and waking me up before dawn).  
Blythe- for my name tag, and being the only person to freestyle walk with. Zoe- I still have your binaca. Jamie- Do I still have cooties? Liz- Busty barnyard animals, and for being my friend even after what I did. Gina- "It's 3:30 in the morning..."  
Anna- Thanks for always listening to my problems, even if you touched the drummer. Lil- It's a secret, TICKLE ME, I'm in denial. Nick- the Ghostbuster, all your women- the hoecake my little pony, and the annoying girl. Jordan- for loving all the 60 year old ugly intellectual women of the world. Jake- for Seven-41, Seven-41<sup>2</sup>, Seven-41<sup>3</sup>, Mudphly, and all the rest of 'em. Billy- are they real? Gum chewing, and for feeling no pain when struck by lightning. Janine- for introducing me to Natalia and other random friends (who are much better about writing letters than I will ever be), Adam- Drum Shop Rules, can I borrow the keys? Hillary- It's all about sex, JELL-O WRESTLING!!! Rose- For having such a cool name and the chick band. Morgan- for having clay on EVERYTHING. Elise- EUSE, for loving Phish and introducing me to Darlahood. Myq & Sam- for being Myq & Sam, as opposed to someone else. Laura for her sh\*t brick walls. *Emily Zilber*- she's just so friggin cool. Lori- **LAAAAAAAAAAA**. Ray- one word.....HORDE. Erica- for teaching me all the theory behind tacit. Leedog- for being lefthanded. Rob- the headmaster of the school of sarcasm. Devin- NO I WON'T SAY ABOUT. And to all the people I missed. To all my friends keep in touch. My E-mail is either Kidtoot@aol.com or RothIII@shepaug.k12.ct.us I love you all.

# Lauren Menahem

## Moral Support Editor

Wow, this summer has gone by... wait, we still have 3 weeks. Well, it seems like it is almost done. This camp gives you so many memories and stories to go home and tell your friends. Buck's Rock is the best camp and the people rock! Now I will get to all of the thank yous that are due to all of my friends. **Jena and Nick** for dealing with us editors. **Jamie**, tightie whities, maroon, and Z100. **Blythee**, striped shirts, random sarcasm and squishy emotions, congratulations for jumping off Mt. Fujiyomama. **Jena**, "What's an Emery?", thanks for giving me a bite of your BLT, and Frankie Sinatra. **Morgan**, what interesting taste you have. cup of noodles? Jaimita, come to Florida baby. I don't think I ever had quite as much fun at clay and art without you. Happy Crappy cabin: **Jen, Tassie, Allison, Emmy, Hester, Tarynne**, thanks for putting up with me every night of first session. **Jen**, you won part of the sandwich, and had "fun" at my pool party. **Tassie** (Clearasil buddy) and **Allison**, you guys are the best to hug. **Anna**, your version of Josh Leitner. **Gina**, Day by Day your voice got stronger and more beautiful. **Mimi**, Rudolf the red nosed Monkey. **Ray**, your screwdriver. **Jenna G. and all of Girls Cabins**, thanks for the bathroom talks. **Brett**, not being able to keep your feet on a chair or your clothes clean (on) **Dan**, fruity boxers, Revlon man. **Eric**, 5 o'clock shadow. We had fun tying you to a radio pole! **Chris and Josh**, bridge, spades. **Liz**, freckles on lips. **Ernst** for holding the camp together. To all the Saras- **Sara F.W., and Sara W**, you rock. **Emery**, for having red hair... **Mara**, condom collection. **Marissa**, for being awesome. **K.C. and Kelly** for being the best counslors on camp and caring so much about us. **lil**, for always having water on your back, turtlenecks and NOT letting me have the tan slug. **Sara G.**, for your awesome hair. **Simon**, for the canteen food. **Kate** for living in the Virgin Islands. **Rebecca and Rachel**, for being cool people. **Alexis**, fruity name tag. **Alli**, for having my old bed and being my troll doll. **Emily**, for always being covered in clay. **Carol**, for being bouncy. **Ashley** for sharing my taste in guys. **Rachel Spiller**, my cousin's friend who is the coolest person in the whole world. **Julia**, for your awesome voice. **Lily**, your silver wings. **Leticia**, your size 14 and up magazine. **2 men who turned 28 on Tuesday**, thanks. **Katharine, Shelley and lil** for bringing bargello to Pub. **Lisa-go verve, Lynsey** how do you use the shower. **Sarah** cotton candy, cotton candy, cotton candy. **Jeff**, my brother; **Julie**, my gorgeous big sister; **Laura**, my foster sister; **Kevin**, my brother; and **Lena**, my mom: our vacation was fun. **Kevin**, well, we went from sweet to perfect, you got out of your slump, with a little help from me and lil, knowing the "combination," and "letting" me give you all of those back rubs. **Laura**, we have become such close friends, I have so much to say to you, Fudge for Chocolate, heroin=mosquito bites, one time, bony arse, coming bracelet, hemp-need we say more, rubber padded walkie talkies (ribbed for extra pleasure), sex on bubble pop, Kevin's coming, gotten up (and away), we're off to see the chiropractor, the wonderful chiropractor of Buck's Rock, 425, crackwhore, ant central, "It's not my bag Baby", and Kevin's big stick. Thanks for always being there and sometimes putting me before Kevin. Now my roommates, first **Zoe**, pop, bluuuu. pop, bluuuu. all of our late night talks, you have informed me about things I did not know. **Celia**, for the endless supply of chupa chups. **Anya**, frizzy red hair and your love of face masks. **Eliza**, you have shirt cutting abilities. **To all of my bunkmates**, thanks for always being there and for putting up with all of my stuff. **My Mom and Dad** without whom I would not even be at Buck's Rock. Anyone who I missed, sorry, and thanks. I hope that everyone has enjoyed their summer at Buck's Rock. By the time you are reading this it will be over, wait- that is depressing. Forget all that. Thanks and I love you all.

Love,  
Lauren



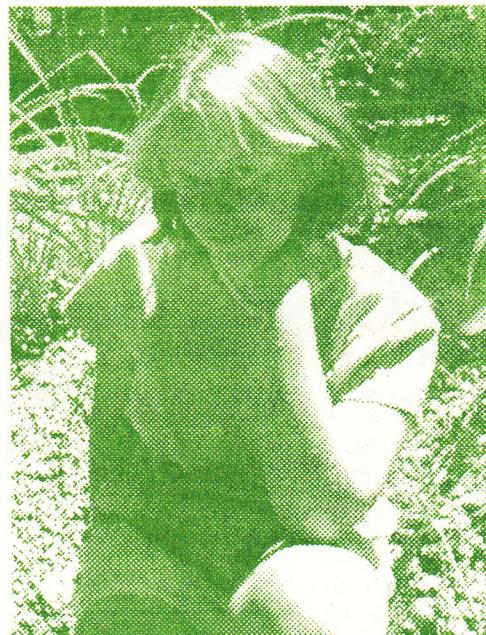
257 Grayson Pl.  
Teaneck NJ, 07666  
1-201-287-9556  
MonkeyS335@aol.com

# Sasha Kaufmann

## Assistant Writing Editor

After a moment of Zen, I like to acknowledge a few things, in no particular order. First, I would like to thank all the people who I don't have a chance to individually thank, you know who you are. Audrey, Catherine, DeAnna, Elana (bra salesman from North Dakota) Emily, Jen, Katherine, MD, Melissa, Mona, Rachel (president of your club!), Rosa (international woman of mystery), Sara (munchkin queen!), Sarah, Stacey (moths anyone, wet shorts-shoop!), Songa, Vali (toothbrush), Yali, and everybody else in Terrace 2 and furthermore, thanks.

Cast of The Children's Hour-Barry, your crown suites you well and Mulan is cool. Gia, your scream scared me almost as much as Zoe's psychopathic personality-Everybody was awesome. Cast of Tartuffe- I love you guys, even if you do talk in rhymed couplets 24/7! Joe and Hel- NYC/Tiffany's is just around the corner! "The flame", mice, bleach, and beyond! Clown, Pub, the German singing society, S&M Tool Co., Fruitsensation, pink hair dye, Ernst, my family, and everyone who heard me explain my surgery to them numerous times. Thanks for putting up with me!



## David Assistant Layout



## Glasser Art and Editor

Last year I did some writing for *Alchemy* and the newspaper, and hung out at Pub, but for some reason I didn't decide to be an editor. This year, I said "I am not going to spend another session sitting around thinking 'Why am I not an editor?' and hearing that same question from Jena and Jon every day. I'm going to be an editor, and I am going to edit!" Or something like that. So I became an assistant Art and Layout editor.

I might say at this point that it is stupid to have a list of dumb jokes that I won't understand a month from now and that I should put in some good important deep stuff.

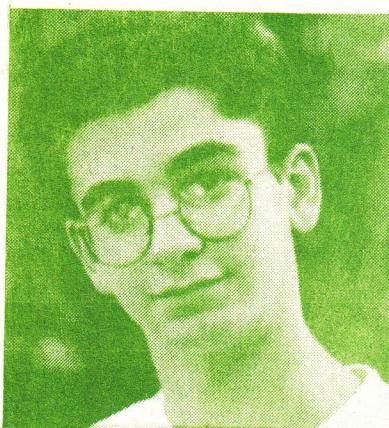
But what the hell. Inside jokes are fun.

For no good reason, I think I'll thank people in alphabetical order. The fact that I don't have a good enough memory to put down funny things for all of you is my fault; sorry.

Albert, for the flashlight (I'll return it eventually!). Alexis, for being the other person in camp who didn't know what was so sad about changeover day. Andrew, for not killing me in crunch time, and for the many discussions; I will read more Asimov and Heinlein soon, I swear! (Hey, Asimov fits here! Yay alphabet!) Ben, for not prosecuting breakers of your rules, and for beating me in the 8. Blythe, Jeff, Lisa, and Sara, for being great fellow editors. (Blythee: Your mother!) Dan, for the natural products. Eric, for being at Radio all the time even though you are a Metals CIT. Ernst, for Buck's Rock. Jena, for bugging me all last year about not being an editor, being a partaker of immoral support, and not making me her whipping boy again. Joey, for skin cancer. Jon, for the Drawing Game, PMT, and all sorts of fun Pub-related stuff. Josh and Zoe (Joey?), for remembering about those 28-year-olds. Julie, for ruling over Layout with a (nice) iron hand. Katharine, for being a defiant Christian. Kevin, for those two men turning 28 on Tuesday, those walkie-talkies, and the hair products. Laura, for not **actually** killing me when I helped you with your crossword puzzle. Laura, for putting it down. Lil, for distracting the ticklers away from me. Mara, for Sesame Street, or whatever they call it in Canada. Mimi, for having dye in her blood. Mom and Dad, for being the greatest, and making it possible for me to come here. The entire music shed, especially Bruce, David, Myq, Simon, and Erika. Nat, for being a cello-playing computer-using pubbie. Nick, for keeping the yearbook going. Pubbies in general, because I can't fit all of you in half a page but owe it to you that this half-page exists. Rachel, for bugging me about this. Sasha, for also being a theater/orchestra/Pub person. Steve and the cast of *Oh! What a Lovely War*, for not knowing the verses. To Steve, I must say "Goodbye-ee"; it's been great working on *Bugsy* and *War* with you.

I really owe my summer to Pub, Theater, and the Music Shed, as I spent most of shop hours at one of those shops. Other shops that I went to and I must thank include Clown, Computers, Glass, and Video. WBBC holds a special place in my heart, though I was rarely there when it was open.

Being forced to fit everything into half a page isn't fun. If you aren't here, I probably had you down and had to cut it out for space reasons. Sorry. Well, I probably need to thank just about everyone in camp for making this a really great



Howdy. My name is Brad Raimondo. This is my editorial. You may remember me from such performances as Ferdinand, the Elizabethan Beatnik in The Tempest, the psychotic father and deadpan lounge lizard in Out of the Closet and Into the Woods (the first Clown Show, for those of you not in the know), the insane, sex-crazed, hypocritical title character in Tartuffe, random eighties dude number fourteen in the second Clown Show, or Doc Porter in the C.I.T. Showcase. Then again, you may not remember me from any of those roles. In fact, there's probably a good chance that you don't. Well, consider your memories refreshed. Anyhoo. I helped out with production on this here yearbook. I have several batches of insanely mad props to extend. Here goes:

Thanks be to:

All of my castmates from this and previous summers (I really couldn't ask for a greater group of folks to work with... well, I could ask, but it would be impossible for me to actually find a better group of folks to work with), **Steve** "as short as a short thing" Ansell, **Ernie** "that's some damn fine jerky" Johns & **Barry** "I'm gonna bite that ass" Tropp. As well as to: **Liza** (for kicking my ass on stage), **Kate** (for being Kate... I think), **Becca** "BB" Brachman and **Sara** "dirty, drunken, liquor soaked, putting even the late John Levy to shame lush" Mirsky, **Stacy** (for letting me get to know her better), **Becky** (sorry, Beck, YOU started it), **Euse** (for being my pining pardner), the **Gigantic Asses of 94-D**, **Cleaning** (the film), my fellow **C.I.T.'s** (**Say You Believe In Love**), **todos los bufones**, **Alex Levinton**, **Bob Dylan**, **Dar Williams**, **Adam Stofsky** (you commie), **Jess Lattif**, the entire **Pub Shop** family, **Kate Schapira** (for conversations), **Katharine Bartow** for being defiantly helpful, **Louie Pearlman** (for looking nothing like me), **John Metric**, **Ernst** (for striving to keep the spirit of **Bucks Rock** alive), **Mickey & Laura Morris** (for leading **Bucks Rock** into the future) and, of course, **The Great Gonzo**.

Random  
Gabe - It just  
scared you!  
Matic - What are  
you to strangers!  
The Magic #  
133

Random cont. + There 2  
I'm just fastforwarding! - I can hear  
you! - Sara & Liz  
I've always liked you best at that angle -  
It's not that funny - kate  
Joanie  
Thank God there were no snakes - The  
three Bitches.

As the seat belt light flashed on, I ignored the rather large and frumpy airhostess who was busy giving the usual boring security announcements. That week had been frantic and I had just been taking every day as it came, so as I peered out of the window I actually thought about where I was going for the first time. To camp.

I set off without any expectations. All I wanted to be able to say by the end of it was a) I'd had fun. b) Met new people. So far so good! (Skinny Dipping and all!)

The only problem with Bucks Rock is there simply isn't enough time. What with the drama rehearsals, chorus, yearbook, and numerous other projects, things can get pretty hectic. Bucks Rock you just want to dive into everything, and though I don't pretend to be a 'pioneer' I'd like to

ROCK FREAK SHOW



# NAT budin ASSISTANT production EDITOR

Okay, this is my first editorial ever, and I have a basic choice to make. I could do what everybody else does and thank people and write in-jokes, or I could do something entirely new and different and... naaaaah.

This is me thanking people. I'd like to thank everybody in the entire universe for existing, you for reading this drivel, Bob and Andrew Z. for being incredibly patient with me, Nora for not breaking down...too often, Joey for helping me with the cool 3D rocket you see under this, Dave for helping me lay out this editorial, as well as, Ed, Andrew M., Geoff, Ian S., Ian J., Ben, Colin, Peter, Sam B., Sam A-W., Louie, Kelly, Martin, Sarah, Kevin, Dan, and Tim for no particular reason other than the fact that I feel like it.

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Kelly: This is me. This is me not caring.

Andrew Z: Muahahahahahahahaaaa!, IPX

Ben: Betrayal at Krondor IS the best game ever, no matter what YOU think.

Ian: This is Colin...oops, I mean Ian Schleifer, live on Digitalk...

Ed: Winky, noooooooo!

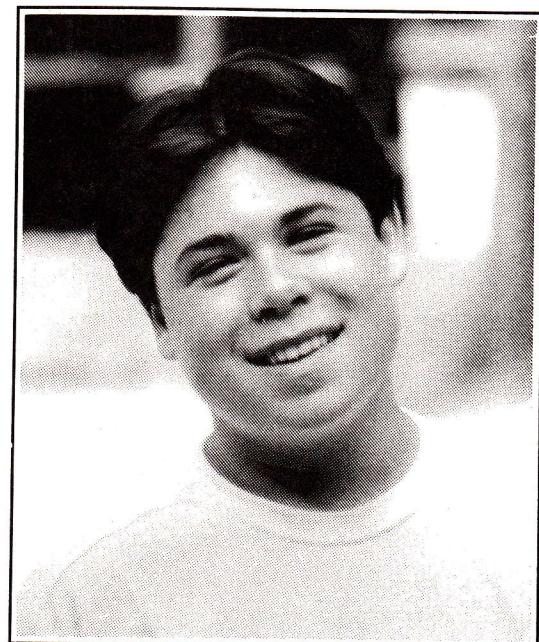
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# Hey everyone,

Scotty Kraiterman here. I came on board here at Pub the second half of the summer although I was at camp for the full duration. Thinking back on this past summer I realize how fast it went by; it still seems as if I was just unpacking yesterday. I'd like to say **thank you** to some of the people that guided me on the roadless travel that this summer has taken me on. This list includes: the Pub staff (yes, everyone - even you Jon), Asher, David, Cade, Theo, Marc Richter, Barry, Kwesi, Steve, Andrew and Sam (my senior production editors), Joey, Brett, Jay, Darren, all the editors, Jon Metric, Mickey and Laura, my family for their love and support, Ernst, and everyone else I forgot to mention. I hope to see all you people next year.

Scott Kraiterman



# Post-Infinity: An editorial about surrealisms

by Becca Brachman (beckabecka@aol.com)

I feel like 5,000 blank pages screaming to be filled with songs and poems and stories and laughter. I'm frightened of the pen, though. Don't touch me! I only want perfection and I can't trust you. Papercuts for the soul.

To use an overused metaphor, life is an empty book. We write our days down as journal entries or fictional stories, depending on how optimistic we are. Characters are introduced. Plots thicken. Events play themselves out. My summers here have taken up five chapters of my existence. Words written in ink, dirt, sweat, and often tears. Through this metaphorical documentation of everyday life, I have learned more at Buck's Rock this summer than in my ten years of schooling. To sum up what I'm trying to say in one word: CLICHE. To simplify; it's been fun!

Special Thanks To: lubricity, mendacity, and sensuousendilipidipity for being 3 of the most wonderful words in the world; my parents and little sister for being 3 of the most wonderful people in the world; joelle, ernie, barry, the theatre JCs and CJs for being wonderful people to work with; steve a. for the 'constructive' criticism, being a good mentor, and for the bruises; the entire buck's rock staff for being wonderful; max w., matt m., and becky p. for being such good little adopted children; max b. and brad r. for teaching me a few very important life lessons; katie t. for her love and guidance and for believing in me; sara m. for being a friend and role model; eliza s. for being my quasi-identical twin; becky s. for '97 (so much let's!); stacy g. for yelling at me; whyle m. for the 1/2 dozen roses; eliza b. for resenting the fact that her name comes after whyle's and for being wonderful; colin h. for hanging out with me and actually enjoying my company; adam p. for growing up and being wonderful; adam s. for being a geisha; allison r. for keeping adam in check; deshan for 'being a man'; gossip for being unavoidable so i may as well accept it and thank it; fruitsations for reasons i can not divulge; Starbursts for being entertaining; mirrors, hairbrushes, and make-up for their constant mockery and support; mike d. for introducing me to the wonderful world of stew leonard's and for being such a wonderful guy; julia h. for being a wonderful 'bo' and for confiding in me; the word wonderful for appearing in this editorial about 3,042 times; glitter for being glitter-like; max b., james g., dana r., dov l., leah b., alex l., armen w., max m., ben w., lauren r. and peter l. even though they're not here; owen p. for all the screws; nick w. for being my future husband; jon r. and amanda q. for adding spice and ponies to the summer; jesse n. for being the only person later to TA than me (and for being wonderful); brett k. and don h. for letting me slap them both repeatedly; scott s. for literally kicking my ass; the CJs for just being; excuses; steve n. for being the center of attention; stars for being there to gaze upon; nik a. and all the thousand of other innocent victims from whom i 'borrowed' clothing; jon levy for entertainment that will last throughout the years; fights for being ephemeral; love for enduring; andrew m. for the best game of risk i've ever played; keren for surviving the summer; buggy, pic, and mona for their wonderful nicknames; the wonderful wonderful pubbies for putting up with me; emery for cheating; peter t., gib p., colin r., and andrew d. for being wonderful without knowing it; lauren m. for being an in-the-closet diva; fraggle rock for being my god; ryan b. for not coming to camp this summer and yet still managing to constantly distract me; editorials for making me feel powerful; power for being addictive; ben l. for being couth, the masterlock, and loving leah; cup o'fill in the blank for being fun; inside jokes for being unfair; the pillsbury doughboy for obvious reasons; everyone thanked here for forgiving me for being so brief and obscure; and all the other wonderful people who deserve thanks, acknowledgement, and snaps; and, of course, Ernst, for making buck's rock what it truly is.

Love hurts, be a masochist.

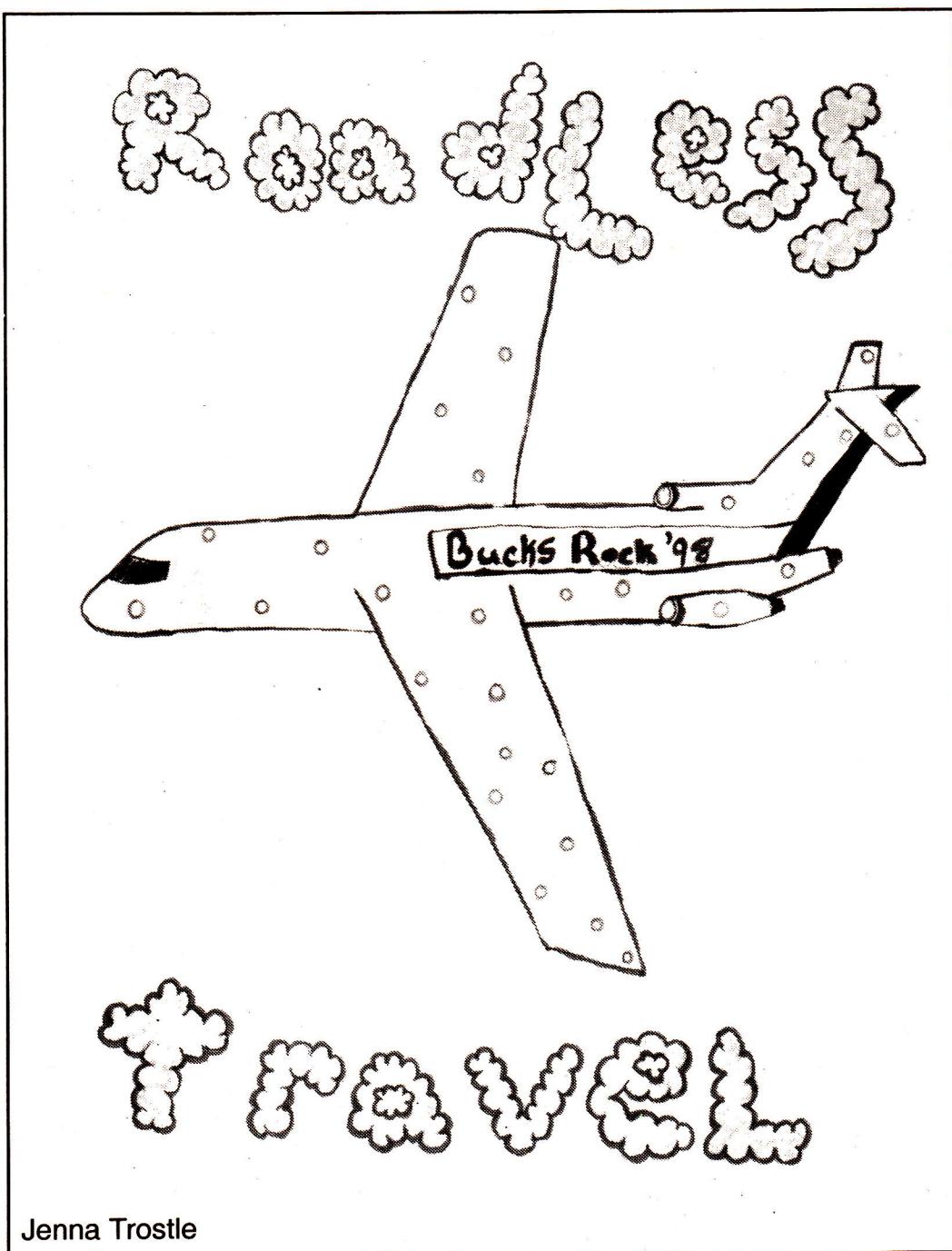
Ok.....Six years now and I've been everything from PMT editor to Editor-in-Chief, but never writing or moral support..... Thank God! Not to say there is anything wrong with those jobs, but face it, it just ain't me. So this year I am technically not an editor, but they pitied me and gave me the title of consultant. This could have something to do with the fact that I spend all my time down in the sound booth of LSD, but hey, it was fun.

So I guess I should start to thank people before I run out of space. Sam and Don, you two have been great to work with and hang out with at the same time. Your mellow joking attitude towards work made it all so much easier. Kate, if I were to thank you for all the things I could I would be here for days. But thanks for not killing me. Shelley, you are so much fun to talk to, maybe this year I will actually visit you. Katharine, all I have to say is 'Hey Dana, got anything to drink around here?' I will miss hanging out with you in the city. Rachel, although I pretend not to want to tell you things, I love it when you listen. Blythe, what can I say except that you have come a long way and every year you get better and better, and you make me really proud. Jena, all I can say is thanks for letting me ramble on here, oh yeah and BLAH!!! Heidi, my partner in crime, if I were to be Clyde, you would be my Bonnie, your stories and friendship mean so much to me. Steve, you have known me so long yet you still talk to me, to work with you when you let me add my ideas and talents is so much fun, and remember never to take anything too seriously. Ernie, your compliments about my work are what kept me going this summer, I only wish I had a chance to work with you as an actor. Barry, all I can say is that you really came through for me when I needed a break, if I can ever help all you have to do is ask. Becky, you and I have had an interesting history, but I love the way it turned out. Anytime you need someone to talk to or just to sit around with, I will be there. And Lil, what could I possibly say except for *deja vu*. As they say, the second time is always better than the first.

For anyone omitted from my list, I apologize, I love you, but the editors limited my space.

And for all of you who love this phrase concocted by the sound department, I give it to you one more time..... Do A Little Dance, Make a Little love, And Get Down Teniteh

# Finale



“After many years of...experience, I have come to the conclusion that you can't come to a conclusion”

-Vita Sackville-West



# Roadless Travel--A Message From the Directors

"Two roads diverged in a yellow wood and sorry I could not travel both . . ."

—Robert Frost

You came to Buck's Rock to explore and discover: to explore the many different arts and activities that Buck's Rock has to offer and to discover more about yourself.

The path you traveled at Buck's Rock, through its studios and activities, was of your own choosing, selected by you and for you, to explore your needs, interests and desires. No two campers had the same experience; no two campers traveled the same road.

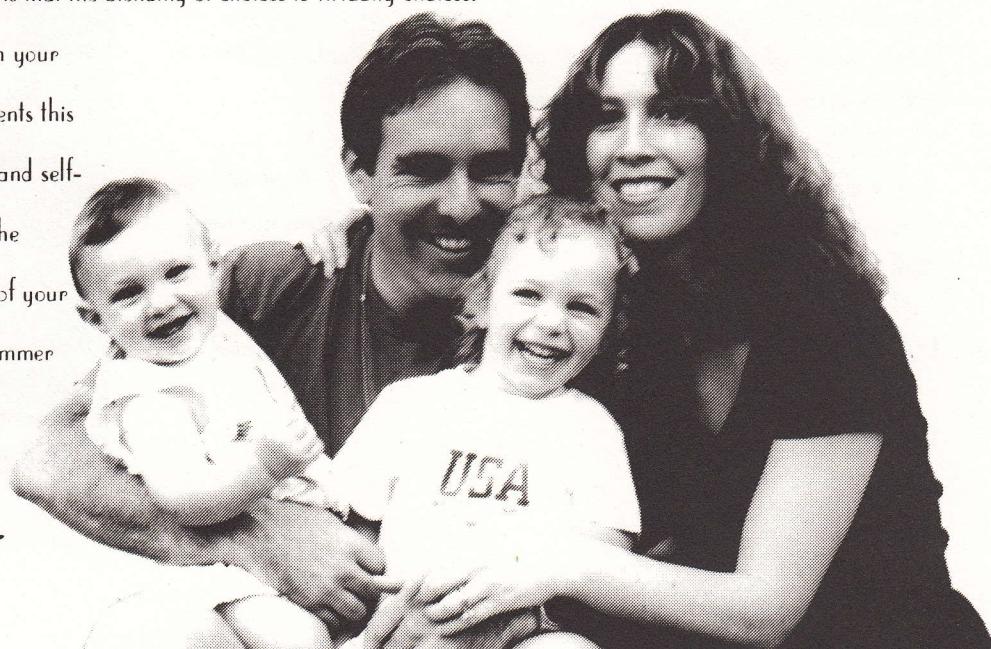
There are so many wonderful opportunities at Buck's Rock from which to choose. And as Robert Frost suggests in his poem, choices are perplexing and decisions may be difficult to make.

This summer, one path that you may have chosen to pursue perhaps led you through the creative art studios: painting, glass blowing, photography, metal smithing; another to performing arts: music, dance, theater, clowning; or perhaps the path you chose to travel brought you to the animal farm, computers, fencing and martial arts. All of these experiences were valuable. All of these experiences were fulfilling and enlightening. And yet perhaps, upon reflecting on your summer here at Buck's Rock, you are sorry that you did not take a different path, explore a new activity, or dare to dance or act, blow glass, throw a pot in ceramics, write a poem or play in the orchestra.

In your many discoveries here at Buck's Rock, you know that each summer offers the possibility to travel down yet another road of your choice and sense of adventure - another road that will help you learn and discover more about yourself. And what you can count on each summer is Buck's Rock's commitment and support, fine facilities and caring instruction, and always the freedom to choose for yourself: an experience without defined roads and one that offers, at the very least, two roads that diverge in a yellow wood. The wonder of Buck's Rock is that the blending of choices is virtually endless.

Congratulate yourself on your personal experiences and achievements this summer; on your uniquely chosen and self-created path. We look forward to the opportunity to witness yet another of your spectacular roadless travels next summer here at Buck's Rock.

*Mickey + Laura*



# The Roadless Travel...

There's something nice and Zen-like about that. It reminds me of a children's rhyme:

How can I marry without any wife?  
How can I cut it without any knife?

And how can you travel without any road? You must make your own, of course.

And what is a road? There are "roads," and there are "inroads."

A "road" is a means of getting from "here" to "there," an outer kind of traveling. An "inroad" is a means of going deeper into something, an inner kind of traveling.

And isn't making roads and inroads a large part of what Buck's Rock is about? Don't we each make our own unique network of roads as we explore and create in each of the shops and activities we choose to work in? Don't we learn how to take raw material, or a blank canvas, or a gesture from the "here" of an idea to the "there" of a completed work of art? And as we do this, don't we travel deeper into ourselves from the "here" of who we are to the "there" of who we are becoming?

Imagine... This summer each of you has made your own roads; roads that are uniquely your own although they may have paralleled and crossed the many other roads that have been built and are being built by our fellow Buck's Rock travelers.

Where was the "there" that was you when you arrived, and where is the "here" that is you after your summer's travels? Has the "there" that you are still moving towards changed because of your summer's experiences?

My own summer has been most enriched by the moments spent talking with you and watching you work and play. These moments have changed me, helping me to make further inroads into myself and, hopefully, helping me to be better at building roads between others and myself.

Just as you never forget to thank Ernst, I hope I never forget to thank you, the campers and staff of Buck's Rock, for the tremendous contributions you have made to my life. Thank you.

Happy traveling, happy road making. "Happy trails to you, until we meet again."

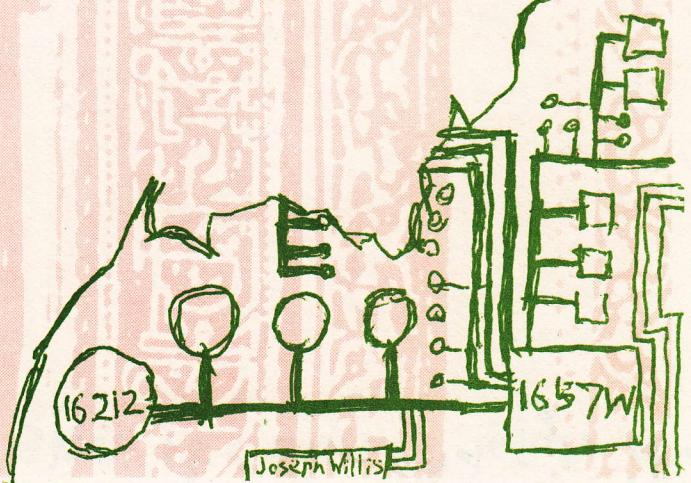
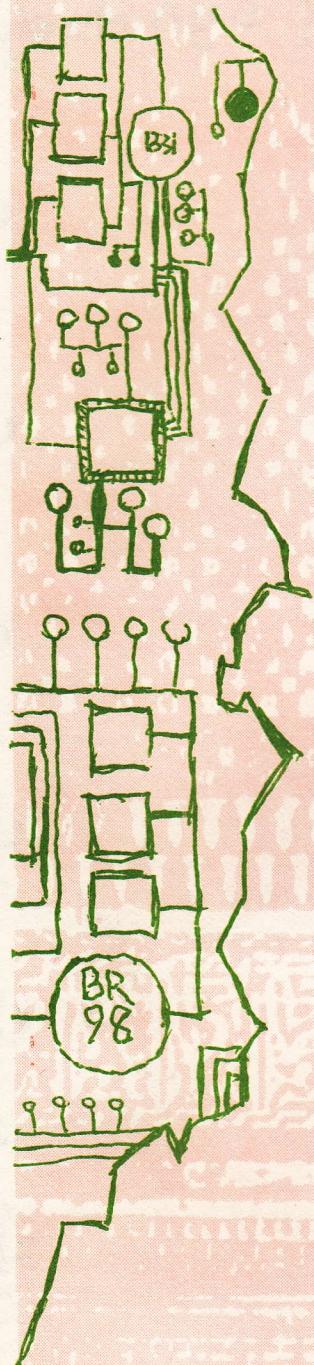
Keep on keeping on,

*Stu*

Jon



# Autographs



Joseph Willis

# sign it. sign Autographs '98 sign it. sign

6. +! ubis. +! ubis. +! ubis. +! ubis. +! ubis. +! ubis. +!



# Autographs

BOB'S  
TATTOO  
PALACE

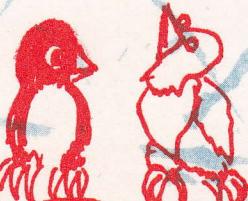
BOBBY  
JAKE

A red heart outline with the word "LOVE" written inside in red, with a small red stem at the bottom.

10

THANK IF YOU  
HATE THE GOV

Boys  
girls  
not  
very  
attractive  
but  
very  
kind  
and  
friendly



Boys Boys Boys Boys

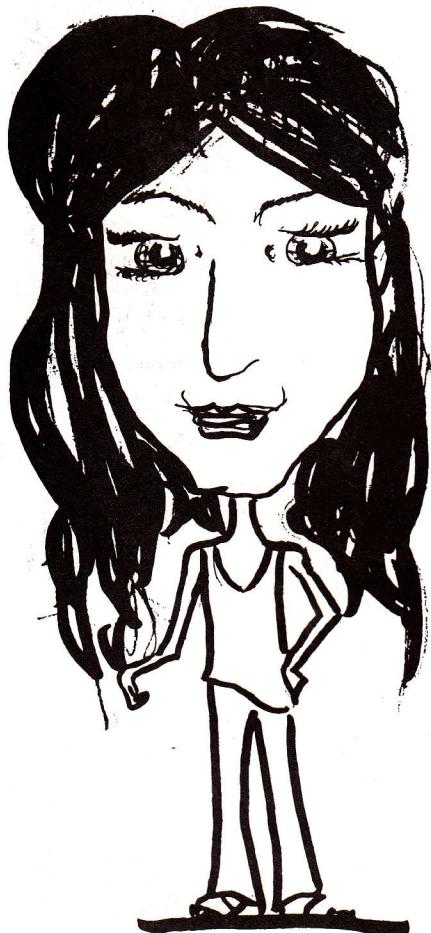
Autographs

Girls Girls Girls Girls



# Autographs

# Caricaturing Workshop July 1998



Jamie Brawer by Lisa Kiernan



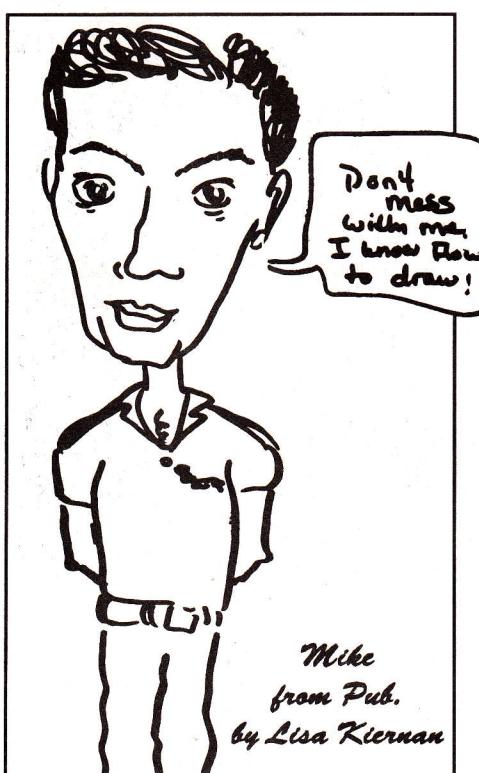
Morg-a-thon  
By Blythe Sheldon



Mike  
from Pub.  
By Jeff Schuster



Steph Smith by Lisa Kiernan



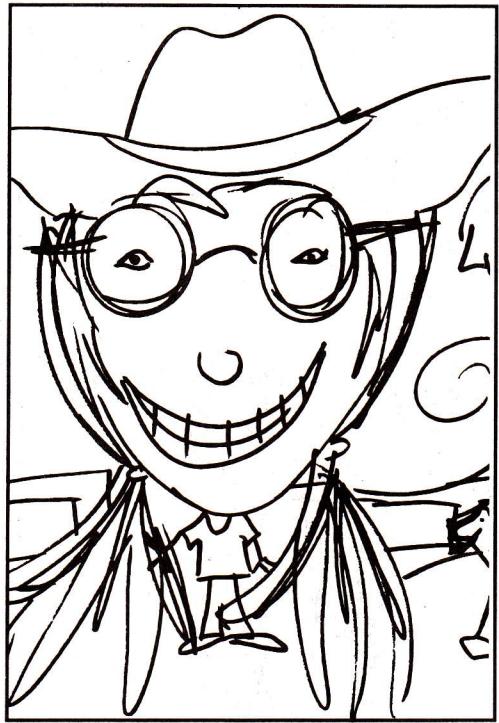
Mike  
from Pub.  
by Lisa Kiernan



Jeff Schuster by Melissa Shaku

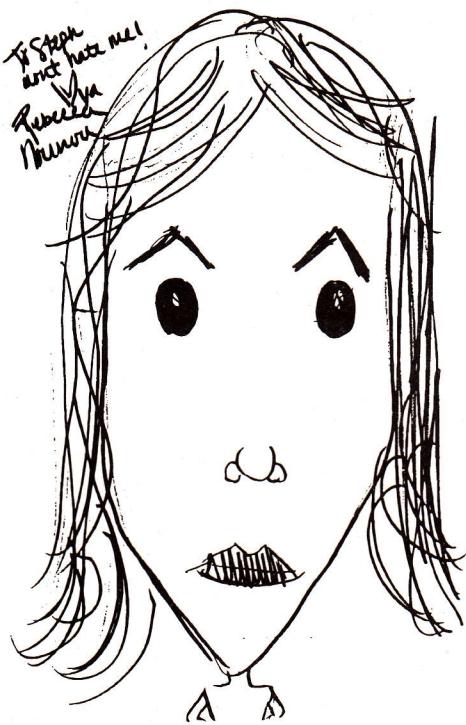


Morgan Dack by Jamie Davidson



Peter Marino by Melissa Shaku

## More Caricatures



Steph Smith by Rebecca Nounou



We're not quite sure but we think this was drawn by Jamie Brower



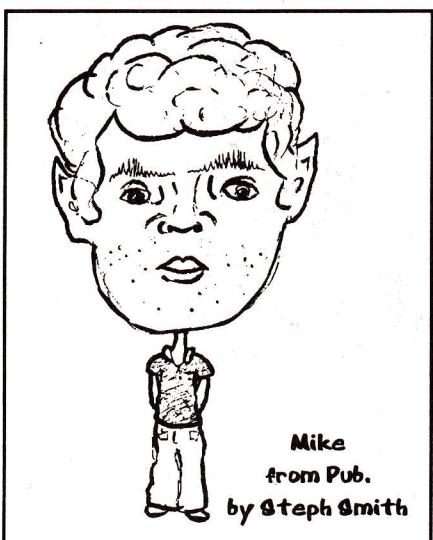
Sara Jacobs  
by Lisa Kiernan



Mike From Pub. by Jeff Schuster



Morgan by Lauren Menaham



Mike  
from Pub.  
by Steph Smith



Photos by Jason Knobloch

# thanks to our staff

It's almost over. By the time you read this, it will be over, but as we're writing this, we don't actually know that the yearbook is going to be finished. Despite delays and arguments that ended in pouring water on people's heads, the yearbook staff managed to work together on our own roadless travel. The yearbook you're holding shows the hard work of a wonderful editorial staff and the amazing Pub Shop staff, both of whom deserve more gratitude than the pages of this yearbook can hold.

*Thank you, Bob, for keeping everything together and keeping us on schedule.*

*Thank you, Ian, for printing the full color photographs in an amazingly short period of time. Maybe eventually you'll get lucky and they'll name the yearbook "Circle of One."*

*Thank you, Mike, for endless hours of pasteups and never getting any sleep in the interest of finishing the yearbook.*

*Thank you, Lena, for keeping the writers organized and the garden tended.*

*Thank you, Heli, for wonderful writing advice and not minding when we sent you halfway across camp to find people.*

*Thank you, Julie, for being the staff member who understands how the computers work and fixes them every other second.*

*Thank you, Jon, for pasting up shop articles night and day and persuading people to draw covers.*

*Thank you, Joelle, for your willingness to spend all of your time in the darkroom to develop and PMT photographs for the yearbook.*

*Thank you, Shelley, for helping with absolutely everything and for your amazing knowledge of all things Quark-related.*

*Thank you, Kate, for editing practically everything in the yearbook and for keeping everyone's back in working order.*

*Thank you, Katharine, for keeping everything running smoothly and helping us all communicate better.*

*Jamie, Katie, Lil, and Sasha, our writing editors, thank you for being willing to run all over camp to make sure shop articles were turned in, if three days late, and for editing all of those shop articles. Thank you for proofreading, proofreading, proofreading, and being everyone's sounding boards. Your willingness to sit in the garden once there was nothing left to copy edit only proved your dedication.*

*Jessica and Joey, our photo editors, thank you for not complaining about having to hunt down a million photographs. Although you are the section with the smallest staff, you are fantastically important and you did your jobs very well.*

*Blythe, Jeff, Sara, David, and Lisa, our art and layout editors, thank you for slaving over the layout computer in incredibly cramped space just to make our yearbook especially nice-looking. Your wonderful drawing talent and tireless sketching for the lit section have made this yearbook amazing, as has having you around to liven things up.*

*Andrew, Sam, Brad, Nat, and Scott, our production editors, thank you for shrink-wrapping way too much paper, getting ink all over yourselves, keeping the dummy up-to-date, and physically printing the yearbook.*

*Lauren, Emery, and Becca, our moral support editors, thank you for giving us back rubs, keeping us company, and getting us snack. Although we snapped at you in our tenser moments, we would have been far more stressed without your calming selves.*

*Brett, our consultant, thank you for your advice and the wisdom that comes from two years of being editor-in-chief.*

Because of all of you, this yearbook turned out fantastically. We can't put into words how much we appreciate all of the time and effort you invested in our yearbook.

# REUNION

SUNDAY DEC 13  
FROM 2-4 PM

# DON'T FORGET!

AT THE NEW YORK  
SOCIETY FOR ETHICAL  
CULTURE ON

2 WEST 64<sup>TH</sup> ST.  
IN NEW YORK CITY  
(OFF CENTRAL PARK)

EVERYONE'S GOING  
TO WATCH THE  
FABULOUS  
MEMORIES

VIDEO AND  
CAT A LITTLE SNACK

# REMEMBER

FINAL EARLY SEASON  
ENROLLMENT FOR  
ALL SESSIONS IS  
DEC 7<sup>TH</sup> 1998.

BUCKS ROCK CAMP  
59 BUCKS ROCK RD.  
NEW MILFORD CT,  
06776

860.354.5030

See You There!

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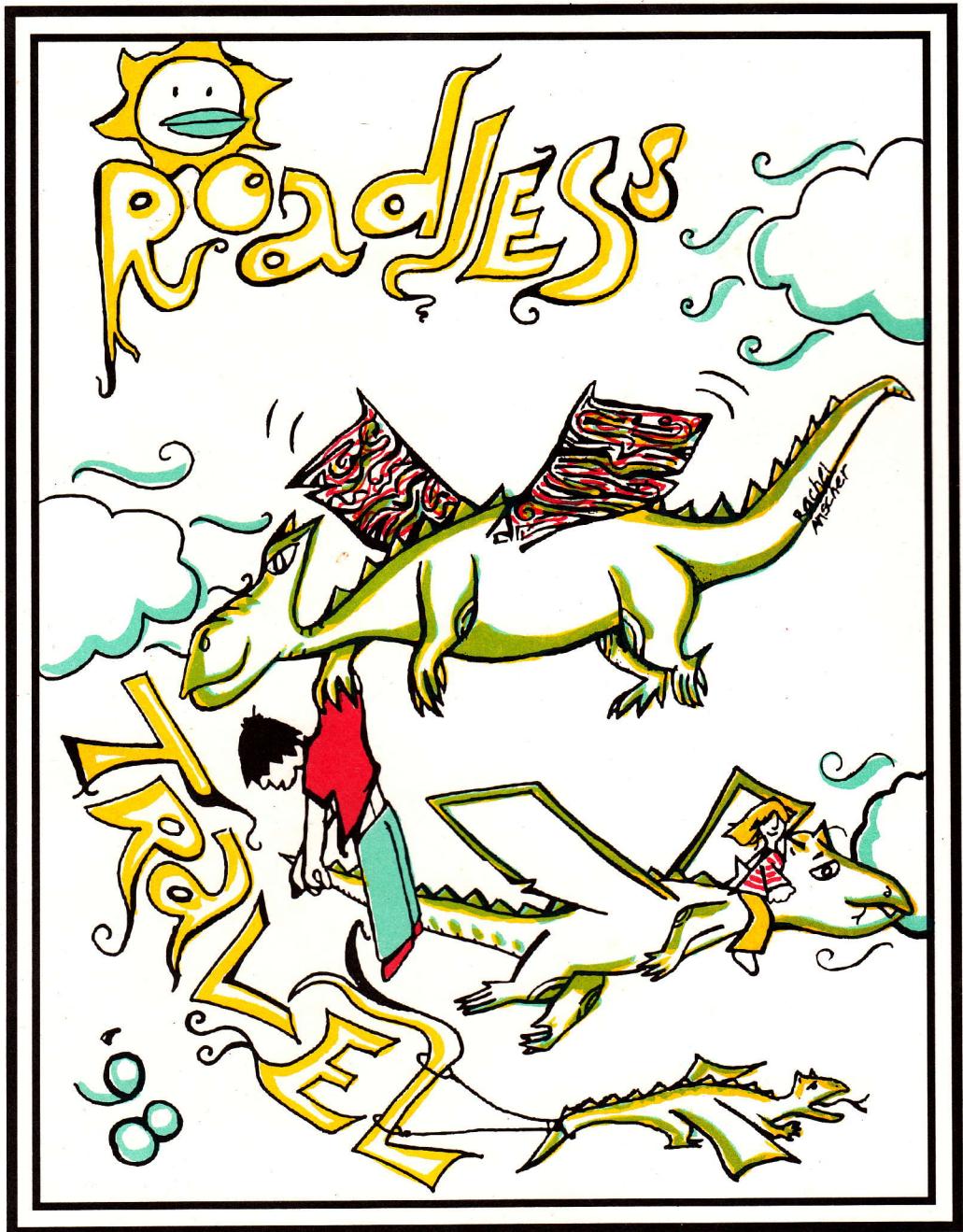
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Photo editors: Jessica Morris, Joey Roth  
Art and layout editors: Sara Glaberson, Blythe Sheldon, Jeff Shuster, David Glasser (assistant), Lisa Kiernan (assistant)  
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Yearbook 1998  
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